SELECTED TALES FROM WALTER F. TURNER'S

GOODIES

THE YORKSHIRE DIALECT SOCIETY

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STORIES IN THE DIALECT
OF EAST YORKSHIRE

EDITED AND INTRODUCED BY
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AND JACK DANBY

ILLUSTRATIONS
BY JACK DANBY

THE YORKSHIRE
DIALECT SOCIETY
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ACKNOWLEDGEMENT

In 1971 a reading of the Goodies story was included in a series of BBC Radio Humberside broadcasts on the East Yorkshire dialect. Retired professional cartoonist Ern Shaw heard the reading and sent to Radio Humberside his drawing from which our front cover picture is taken. In our efforts to contact Mr Shaw to ask his permission to use the picture we find that he died in 1986, at the age of 95. We trust that Ern Shaw would have approved our use of this drawing, for which we are very grateful.

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FOREWORD

'Goodies' has been out of print for many years; second hand copies have been precious as gold. Walter Turner's excellent stories that he wrote "for the purpose of concerts and entertainments in Yorkshire", as he puts it in his original preface, were recognised as first class stuff right from the start and it is no wonder that owners of the original 1912 copies have treasured them. Performances of the stories, because to be best appreciated they need to be performed, have been high spots of the Yorkshire Dialect Society's meetings for years. The stories have been broadcast on local radio, particularly Radio Humberside, and many a Fellowship and Institute has collapsed in laughter at the interpretation of simple country incidents that Turner observed in his life as a Yorkshire parson. Readers who know the East and North Riding varieties of Yorkshire dialect will find them easiest to perform. Turner had been a curate at Dewsbury, but it is not the West Riding speech we meet here; it is the view of life in the language round his father's church at Middleton, near Pickering, where he acted as curate to his father, that Turner observes so delightfully.

More than any other, the beautifully depicted '"fat oard woman", hunting sweets, who should have got "soomm mare when sher were i' Pickering Set'dah neet", has been laughed at and sympathised with. The Goodies she sought, from which the book takes its name, have recalled an instant memory of their own secret longings to thousands over the years. The Bachelor depicted later is a local man many of us have known personally, or so it seems. Turner really gets inside that somewhat awkward, independent, cussed Yorkshire spirit and Yorkshire people are laughing a lot at themselves as they laugh at Turner's characters.

Within the Yorkshire Dialect Society one man has for well over a decade been a kind of publicity officer for Turner's tales and a superb performer of them. Jack Danby has given over the air and in person many performances of the stories, and has never failed to fulfil Turner's purpose, to entertain. It is right that Jack, whose graphic and editorial skills have recently been shown in recent books on East Yorkshire, should be the illustrator and introducer of this reprint of the book.

Since his retirement from teaching Jack has found time to devote his skills to illustration and editorship of material including the Society's *Summer Bulletin* .

Modestly he has wanted to give priority in the listing of editors of this reprint to Muriel Shackleton, who has taken over the *Summer Bulletin* . The listing of names in any particular order has not been a matter of concern to Muriel, she has worked happily with Jack on the preparation of this edition and has given precious help and advice, they have been a team in the work and the end product has come as the result of a great deal of joint planning and preparation.

The editors have decided to omit a couple of Turner's stories which were very specific to his own time and would have little relevance to ours, they were certainly the weakest tales in the collection and not particularly humorous to a modern reader.

Turner's own preface to the work was a kind of glossary. He writes there himself that he has "not thought it necessary to give a glossary of words as the general sense of the passage in which it occurs will probably show clearly enough the meaning of any unusual word". Times have changed, so instead of reprinting Turner's preface that gives a few selected explanations, the editors have devised what they hope will be a useful glossary that has now become much more essential than in Turner's day.

This reprint of well loved stories will encourage others to take these tales and perform them. There are many who have long been waiting for a chance to do so, and putting this volume into the hands of an eager Yorkshire dialect-loving public must make Jack Danby and Muriel Shackleton, (and, one hopes, the Y.D.S.), into public benefactors!

STANLEY ELLIS

INTRODUCTION

Walter Francis Turner was a parson who worked most of his life in North and East Yorkshire, latterly at Fridaythorpe where he ministered for eight years. His was a short life, as he was only 47 years old when he died in 1917. The lettering on the headstone on his grave, on the north side of the church of St Mary at Fridaythorpe, is now rapidly becoming illegible. It never has made mention of his exceptional talent for writing down, in simple verse and humorous prose, the dialect of the Yorkshire Wolds. Walter Turner loved the East Riding country people and he loved the language they spoke. He spoke it himself, as comfortably as he spoke the so-called standard English of the pulpit.

We have known only one person who remembered meeting Walter Turner; Ruth Hedger, daughter of a Yorkshire parson and herself a very able dialect poet, recalled for us how she heard some of Turner's talks when she was a girl before the first world war, how she was impressed by his sense of fun and by the natural way in which he spoke the dialect. Some of the stories Turner told in his talks and lectures he eventually put together in a volume entitled 'Goodies and other stories in a Yorkshire Dialect' published by the St Catherine Press, London, in 1912. In his preface he wrote 'the stories are built around humorous incidents which have come under the personal notice of the author'. He also wrote 'I have not thought necessary to give any glossary of words, as the general sense of the passage in which it occurs will probably show clearly enough the meaning of any unusual word'. Eighty years later we feel that so many words have passed out of common use that a glossary will be useful and so have included one as an appendix to this selection of the stories.

We do not 'tak smit' nowadays; we get an infection or we speak of a germ or a virus. We suffer perhaps in an influenza epidemic but we do not refer to 'a vasst o fooaks gerrin it'. Epidemic, infectious, contagious or similar words of a Latin or French origin are not often found in the language of East Yorkshire; we owe more to the Anglo-Saxons and the Scandinavians than we do to any Southerners. The East Yorkshire people managed without the more sophisticated words of the scholar. An ailment was not highly infectious or contagious, it was despert smittle. It is unlikely that you have lately heard anyone speak of a deeasment,

meaning a dose. The vowel sound ō in dose is foreign to us and we change it, as we change many other vowel sounds, to eea. Dose becomes deease, stone becomes steean, bones become beeans. We often add -ment to a noun or to a verb to give a new satisfying rolling noun, so that deease becomes a deeasment, a rabble becomes a rabblement, kelter kelterment and an overlong discourse becomes a preeachment. Looking through Walter Turner's tales you will find that the eea sound is used in the place of seven other vowel sounds: seat becomes seeat, blame becomes bleeam, sure we change to seear, deaf to deeaf, do to deea, look to leeak and enough to eneeaf.

Walter Turner was well aware that many of his listeners in church had difficulty making sense of learned or scholastic language so he kept his words as simple as he could. In his amusing piece 'Aboot Parsons' he makes it clear that not every preacher who came to St Mary's, Fridaythorpe, had the same concern. He pokes gentle fun at some of his clerical colleagues.

Our lifetime has seen the virtual disappearance of a number of words once current in the Wolds. One of those words is wayant, for which it is difficult for us to find a modern substitute. Perhaps keen would be almost appropriate. In 'Troubles of a Bachelor' we read about a woman who was 'a wayant lass for boother makkin an rearin poolthry'. We are told also that she carried on with her work and 'psalmed awaah' at the same time; went on talking. We personally have never heard psalmed used in that sense. Perhaps the inordinate length of some of the morning service psalms gave rise to that expression. The bachelor in the story had trouble with his galluses, the braces which held his trousers up. Elsewhere Walter Turner wrote of different galluses. When seed corn was sown broadcast by hand from a kidney-shaped hopper slung round the shoulders it was galluses that kept the hopper braced close to the body. Those galluses, with the hoppers, are museum pieces now and the name has gone from the East Yorkshire vocabulary, even though there are still members of the older generation wearing galluses attached to their trousers.

These stories show time after time how the imagery in the East Yorkshireman's language is based on the characteristic features of the local scene and the countryside creatures. In 'Misfottens', for instance, Mary's husband was found 'beealin like a bull at's left i t field at milkin tahme' and Mary herself is 'despert thin; when sher weears a cooarse appron sha lukes like a stack prod iv a taaty bag'. We seldom wear hessian aprons now and you would find difficulty locating a stackprod, the sharpened hazel twig used by the thousand when the stacks were being thatched after the corn harvest was gathered in. To the country

audiences and readers of the Edwardian era these comparisons would be homely and meaningful.

Not often nowadays do we refer to sweets as goodies. Up to about seventy years ago in our part of the world all sweets were goodies; we did not distinguish between chocolate drops and aniseed balls, peardrops and licquorice all-sorts. There was a ritual at the beginning of every sermon in chapel when the younger members of the family were each given a goodie to suck: a sort of hush money, payment in advance for good behaviour. Walter Turner obviously was familiar with this practice, though we doubt if he approved of it, and the best known of his tales is based upon it. We hope that this fresh edition of Goodies will give you more pleasure than a whole series of mint-sucking sermons.

JACK DANBY
MURIEL SHACKLETON

GOODIES

IT fair caps me what for fooaks want te it goodies i' Choch! Yan wad reallye think 'at soomm fooaks couldn't saah ther prayers wivoot a goody i' ther moothes. It caps owt! It dis, Ah seer.

T' parson o' Soondah ad nobbut joost getten inti t'pew, an a fat oard woman i' t'seeat i' froont o' me thowt sher were fooast te ev a goody. An sher parzels 'er and awaah roond tiv' er greeat oard pockit at t' back, an' began scrattin aboot, an rattlin kays an paaper an sike like, te see if sher could finnd a bit o' goody. An there sher war laatin an scrattin aboot, like a 'en on a moock middin, wharl wer gat te t' Psalms.

An sher gat that vexed, becos sher couldn't finnd yan o' onny sooart, sher could scaarce bard. Sher bleeamed t' bairns, yer

knaw, for gerrin tiv 'er pockit throoff t' week. Sher knawed sher'd left twe or tree o't' lasst Soondah, d'yer see? or else sher wad a gettin soomm mare when sher were i' Pickering Set'dah neet; bud noo sher couldn't finnd yan, naather a mint, ner a rooase, ner a acid, ner a anise, ner owt.

Awivver sher were despert jealous sher owt te ev a goody iv er pockit soomwheres, d'yer see? See 'i t' fosst Lesson sher'd ev anoother laat. An sher began to tak t' things oot of er pockit this tahme, d'yer see? an put em doon i' t' seeat ageean er.

By Lad! Ah wadn't like to be a woman an nobbut a yar pockit, an that awaah roond at t' back, where ye' etti crick yer neck an put yer shooder oot te ger at it. Ah wadn't awivver!

Ah tell yer what, lads, if you ad seen what a greeat vasst o' things that there woman ad i' yar pockit; an t' tewin, an t' scrattin, an t' twistin sher ad te ger a bit

o' goody oot at warn't there, yer'd sympathahse wiv em, Ah tell yer, when ther want te ger inti, what ther call, rational costume.

Look yer! Ah couldn't fairly tell yer what there wasn't i' that there woman pockit! Ah joost shoott me eese, an oppened em ageean, an Ah thowt Ah were at a joomle saale i'steead o' i' t' Choch, Ah did awivver! Ah ev thotteen pockits mesen, an, look yer, Ah ayant as monny things i' all on em tegither as what that there woman ad i' urr yan, Ah seer Ah ayant.

There was t' doer kay, there was a anketcher, there was a bootten ook, there was a kettle odder, there was fower or fahve bits o' band, there was a thimmle, there was a pincushin, there was a posse, there was a yed measure, there was aaf a doozzen airpins lapped oopp iv a bit o' paaper—Ah knaw ther were airpins, becos sher oppened em oot, sher thowt t' goody ad mebbe

getten amang em, d'yer see? an there was soommat else, Ah've forgetten what. Ohr eye, there was a bit o' pencil wi' t' point brokken, an there was a cleease pin, an a bit o' wax, an despert thrang deed o' boottons, an bits o' paaper at ad mebbe ad goodies in em at soomm tahme, an a deal mare things.

An ther were all i' yar pockit ! That's what capped me. Oo-an-ivver sher gat em in Ah deean't knaw. An Ah were matched te knaw oo sher were gahin te ger em in ageean afoor t' Choch loused, bud awivver sher did.

An sher went reet awaah doon inti t' boddom o' that there pockit, an sher rowed aboot, an laated i' t' coorners, an sher couldn't finnd a bit o' goody deeah what sher wad, there warn't yan.

By Lad! she did luke vexed!

An sher began te sooart o' sooart t' things ower, an trust em back intiv er pockit

ageean. An sher put t' doer kay in at t' boddom, yer knaw, becos it ud be t' fosst thing sher'd want oot;—ther a straange contrairy thing is a woman;—an then sher put er anketcher in, an then t' rist o' t' things. Awivver sher gat em all rammled in a deal sharper an Ah could o' reckoned on.

An then sher leeaned back i' t' seeat te ev a rist, an Ah's think sher wanted yan, sher were varry near tewed te deeath. An Ah thowt sher'd deean wiv er oard pockit for yar sarvice awivver.

Bud joost as t' parson began is sarmon an ad gin oot t' text, t' woman wanted er anketcher, an sher ad te gan tiv er pockit ageean. An sher gat odden t' anketcher be t' coorner an raave it oot. An t' thimmle com oot wiv it, d'yer see? An t' thimmle rattled doon onti t' seeat, d'yer see? An, by Lad! there was a goody toommled oot o' t' thimmle!

GOODIES

Ah nivver seed neeabody se pleased i' me wick! Sher were fair capped, was t' woman. An sher popped t' goody intiv er mooth, an by Goom! it were a mint! an a despert strang un an all, it fair reeked all ower t' Choch! An there sher set knappin an knappin awaah like a steeanchecker. An then sher stack a bit on't awaa inti t' coorner of er cheek, te mak it lasst, an listened te t' sarmon mebbe a minute, or mebbe twea. An then sher started scroonchin awaa ageean, like an oard ratten at t' back of a skettin booard, wharl sher'd getten it deean.

An then sher tooke t' thimmle oot ageean, te see if there were onny mare goodies getten in, but there warn't.

An afoor Ah knawed where Ah war, t' sarmon was owerd wiv, an all Ah'd eeard on't was t' text, "Tak neeah thowt for the morrer." An seeah wer coommed awaa oot. An Ah knaw t' oard woman were thinkin

all t' tahme sher'd etti ev soomm mare goodies getten afoor t' next Soondah.

Ohr, them goodies! Ah deean't knaw what maks fooaks se craazed on em, Ah deean't Ah seer. Noo Ah can chow mah bit o' bacca i' t' Choch an nivver mak a soond wiv it, an nivver neeabody knaw nowt at all aboot it.

she'd etti ev soomm mare goodies getten

ABOOT PARSONS

SOOMM on em's good uns, an soomm on em's bad uns, an soomm on em's nobbut middlin. Ther mich aboot like oother fooak for that awaah, is parsons.

Bud soomtahmes it appens at a parson oot o' Loondon, or soomwheres i' t' sooth country, ull coomm an sattle doon, im an is missis, amang sike fooaks as uz; an ee cant fairly tell what wer saah.

Noo Ah knawed sike a parson yance; ee com te be t' vicar of a lahtle spot where me oonkle Robert used to live. Ah saah, used te live, whah ee'd give t' spot oopp two year sen coomm Laady Daah, an flitted onti t' Wawads. Bud, awivver, me ant Martha ad a bairn te kessen, a lahtle lad, an seeah ther tak im te t' choch te get im kessend.

An enoo, when ther gat te t' spot i' t' booke, t' new parson says, "Naame this

child," an t' nuss at ad gin im t' bairn says, "Nohr, Sir," as plaan as owt.

An t'parson says t'ageean, "Naame this child."

"Nohr, Sir," says t'woman.

"Bud, mah good woman, Ah want te knaw what yer want te call the child. Didn't is moother tell yer what naame yer were te give im?"

"Yis, Nohr, Sir," says t' woman ageean.

"Dear, dear!" says t' parson. An ee tons te me oonkle Robert an axes im; "Can you tell me what t' naame o' t' child es te be?"

An me oonkle says, "Nohr Sir."

An t' parson luked fair bet. An me oonkle says, "Hen-Oar—Aah-Airch, Nohr. Ayant yer nivver eeard t' naame afoor?"

Then t' parson went on wi t' kessenin. It all coommed o' im noott oonderstandin wer talk. Ee were yan o' them sooth country chaps, d'yer see?

Ah finnd fawat soomtahmes mesen wi

parsons for usin sike orkard oonnatral wods i' ther sarmons; oor Vicar disn't, ees a despert plaan spokken man, bud soomm on em at coomms is ower bad for owt.

Noo t'laast arvest there was a man com te preeach i' oor toon, an t' Vicar telled im afoorand at wer were nobbut eeamly fooaks, an at ee'd best preeach middlin simple like, an noott use ower lang wods.

An efter ee'd deean is sarmon an ad getten yam te t'oose ee says te oor Vicar, "Ah 'ink yure people would oonderstand me all right, wadn't ther, think yer? T' language were simple aneeaf, wasn't it?"

An ee says, "Weel, Ah deeant knaw, there was yan or two wods, thoo knaws, at would be a bit straange tiv em. That wod 'felicity' for instance, com ower a tahme or two, an Ah question whether oor fooaks would knaw what it meeand. Bud, awivver," ee says, "te morn when mah

man's drahvin on yer te t'Staation, joost you axe im if ee knaws what it meeans."

An seeah t'next moornin ther were drahvin te t'Staation an ee axes t'man—it were Billy Pooltiss, Ah 'ink, at t'Vicar ad then, oor Jaames went tiv im two years efter—Awivver ee axes Billy if ee knawed what "felicity" meeand, d'yer see? An Billy scratted is eead an thowt a bit, an then ee says, "Felicity, Sir, felicity? Nohr, ah cant tell at ivver Ah eeard tell o' sike a thing. Oonless it be soommat at coomms oot o' t' insahde'n a pig."

An then ageean, yer knaw, when a new parson coomms tiv a spot ee disn't knaw neeabody, an ee esn't onny idee which o' t' lasses is wed an which on em isn't, oo moodd er? An soomtahmes ee maks a bit of a feeal of issen i' that waah. Noo Ah'll tell yer a teeal, joost te show yer, aboot a "lawcom tenens" we ad for a bit. It were ower a

kessenin an all. There were a lass brote a bairn te t' choch, d'yer see? An t' godfaathers an godmoothers was there seeam as allus. An this ere parson were a wed chap isself, an a despert good and at oddin a bairn, at meead t' oard women saa at ther reckoned ee moost a ad a deal o'nussin te dee at yam like. An t' kessenin went off real nice, an t' bairn nivver yiled ner nowt. An when t' was owered, t' parson axed t' lass at ad brote t' baaby if sher would like te reton thanks. T' lass didn't knaw what ee meeand, bud sher wanted te be civil, seeah sher said sher didn't mahnd, sher wad if ee liked. An seeah sher gav t' bairn te t' granmoother an telled er te waat i' t' pooach, at t' parson wanted er for soommat. An then sher gans oopp an gets choched, d'yer see?

Noo it isn't a lang job isn't that, an it was seean owered wiv. An when ther'd getten t' bairn registered, t' parson ods oot is and te t' lass an says; "Noo, my good

woman, thoo's getten a despert fine bairn, thoo mun tak care on im, an Ah orpe ee may grow oopp te be a blessin to yer."

An t' lass says, "Ohr, ee isn't mah baaby, Sir, ee belongs mah sister, Ah's nobbut is Ant, an An isn't married."

There was an oard parson at Goolthrup, a despert nice oard man, an a despert man for bookes an stooddy, yer knaw. Ee wraate bookes issen. Ther called im Greeateead. An ee ad yar fawat. An that was at when ee were kessenin a bairn, choose what ther wanted te call im, as seean as ivver is and tooched watter, t' naame ther'd telled im wad gan frev im, an ee'd kessen t' bairn soommat else.

There was yar woman i' t' village at ad tree lahtle lads, an Mr. Greeateead ad kessend em all John. But sher nivver maade neeah bother aboot it. And there were nobbut a year apiece atwixt t' lahtle lads i'

ther aages, an ther were as like as tree apples.

Ah axed ther moother yar daah oo sher knawed yan fre t'oother on em, an what sher called em. An sher said sher went be t' cooller o' ther air, an sher called yan on em Sandy, and t' oother Ginger, an t' youngest Carroty. Sher couldn't call onny on em John, sher said, becos John was ther faather naame. Mr. Greeateead ad kessened im John be mistak when ee were a bairn.

Bud there were anoother woman were a bit ower sharp for im. Ee ad kessened urr baaby "John" as usual. An when ther'd getten inti t' vestry, ee says, "Let me see, what was the baaby's naame, Missis?"

An sher says, "Orrice."

An ee began te write it doon, an spell it oot, "O, R, R, I, S, S."

An t' woman says, "Noh, Sir, H, O, R,-A, C, E."

"Ohr dear me! Yes, to be sure; of

course," Mr. Greeateead says, " Orrice, to be sure; one of my favourite authors. Bud Ah didn't recognise im joost at the mohment. My stoopidity. Orrice, H, O, R, A, C, E, I beg your pardon."

Seeah sher gat 'im entered i' t' booke " Orrice," but t' bairn were nivver kessened Orrice onny mare nor Ah was; ee were kessened John saame as t' oother lads.

D'yer mind when Dick Crabstick gat wed what a gahin on there was i' t' choch? Ee's despert ard o' earin is Dick, poor feller, as deeaf as a yat stope, an t' parson couldn't mak im ear nowt. Ee says, " Wilt tha ev this woman to be thy wedded wife? "

An Dick says, " Eeah? "

An t' parson says it looder. An Dick says, " Naah, Ah cant tell what yer saah."

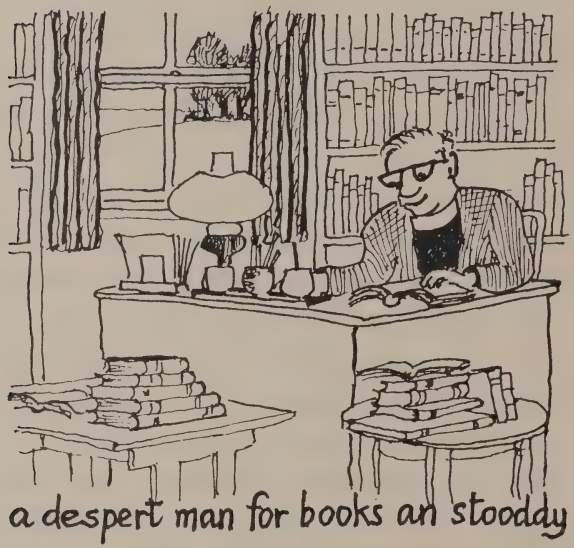
An t' parson shoots it oot ageean.

An Dick tons roond te Jack Smoother, at were t' best man like, an says, " What did he saah, Jack?"

ABOOT PARSONS

An Jack fair yiles it oot, reet intiv is loogg ooal, " Ee says, Wilt tha ev Mary Ann ere for thy wife? "

An Dick were a bit stagnaated at bein axed sike a question as that, yer knaw. An ee says, " Whah, deng it, eye! What Ah coommed o' purpose! Ee moodd a knawn."



TROOBBLES OF A BACHELOR

BON! Ah'll get wed, Ah will Ah seer! Ere Ah've bin ommost a oor tewin an proddin te threead this ere denged needle, te sow a bootton on me troosies; an Ah've bin bitin at t' threead, an bitin at it ageean, te mak it gan throoff t' ee; an noo, when Ah've getten it throoff, there isn't aneeaf on it left te sow t' denged bootton on wiv!

Ah's fooast te get wed. That'll be t' end on't. Yan can't fairly deeah wivoot a woman te sow an deeah for yan.

Ah used te reckon at Ah soodd nivver get wed. But when yans boottons coomms off, an sike like, it maks yan think different.

Ah tried te deeah wivoot gallussies yar bit, an weeared a belt. Bud it was te neeah use. Soomtahmes it was ower tight be aaf; an when it wasn't ower tight me troosies didn't feel seeaf like, Ah thowt Ah were

gahin te loss em. An see Ah gat me boottons fettled, an tak te gallussies ageean. Ah thowt Ah'd getten em on that fasst, an all, at ther'd nivver coomm off ne mare. Ah'd getten t' shoemakker te put em on for meh wiv a bit o' wax end. Bud awivver, this forenoon, Ah were joost liftin a scoottle o' tonnups frev oonder t' cootter, an off yan on em pops at t' back, an yar gallussy flees awaah oop te me looggs! Ah thowt t' oother mebbe wad odd wharle neet awivver, see Ah didn't tak mich nooatice. Bud, Lor bless me life! when Ah were fodderin t' beasts off she coomms an all!

Ah ad te mak a ooal i' me troosies wi me pockit knife, an tie em oopp, weel's Ah could, wiv a bit o' tar band. An deng it! that's rovven oot an all sen!

An noo efter Ah've bin set starvin ere a oor wivoot me troosies, an getten t' bleeamed needle threeaded, there isn't band eneaf te sow wiv, Ah've itten it all off!

TROOBBLES OF A BACHELOR

It's ower bad for owt! Ah sa' n't deeah ne mare at em te-neet awivver; ther mun gan, if Ah etti weear me Soondah uns te-morn. Ah'll get wed, that's what Ah'll deeah, an a ne mare on't.

Bud Ah deeant fairly knaw wheeah te ev. There's Bella Jenkins? A nice menseful lahtle lass. Bud sher's ommost ower yoong. Ther a bit fond like, when ther see yoong. There's John Crampy's widder? Bud she es fower bairns; an neean on em's oard aneeaf te wark. Nohr, Ah mohant ev urr. There'd be ower monny mooths te fill fre't start there. Ah weeant ev urr.

What aboot Mary Jaane Boozzak then? Sher's a straange nice lukin lass. Mebbe a bit ower fine. Ohr! but sher's getten a despert ranty toongue! What, Ah've eard er callin er faather all sooarts, aaf waah doon t' street, becos ee adn't shakken t' snaw off'n is beeats when ee coommed inte t' kitchen. An when onnybody said owt at didn't

pleease er, Ah've seen er get rid at t' back o' t' looggs iv a minute, an ton as nasty as a rotten oonion! 'Twad nivver deeah for me, wadn't that. Ah wadn't ev Mary Jaane i' t' oose for allus, was it ivver seeah. Ah'd weear a belt t' rist o' me daahs seeaner an ev urr.

Wheeah else is there then? Ohr! Bless mah life! Eye, te be seer! Ah'd clean forgetten! o' cooarse, there's Soosannah Moottoneead! By Lad, eye! An Ah'd clean forgetten! Noo she's a topper! An Ah's think sher'd be despert pleeased te swapp er naame an all. Eye, a despert nice, andy, menseful stiddy woman. Noott yan o' t' bonniest mebbe, but that's nowt. Ah's nobbut a plaan un mesen. Ah care nowt aboot that.

What, when Ah coomm te think on't, Ah've allus thowt a deal o' Soosan. It were nobbut t' daah 'foor yisterdah at Ah was evvin a bit ov a crack wiv er, when sher

was makkin oopp t' bootter; an she joost went on wiv er wark an psalmed awaah te me at t' seeam tahme. A despert good un te wurrk. An a wayant lass for bootter makkin an rearin pooltry.

Sher'll a seeaved a bonny bit an all, will Soosan. Ah's think sher'll ev gahin o' fifty poonnd, mebbe mare, an a bit o' brass is allus andy.

Eye, Ah mun a Soosan. Ah mun a Soosan. Bon eye! Oo's t' clock? Aaf passt seven—aaf passt seven—fahve an twenty minutes te ight—Eye, Ah will awivver—Ah will awivver—Eye—Eye—Ah'll get me cleease on, an Ah'll gan reet awaa an axe er noo, afoor Ah gans te bed. An Ah'll tak t' oard troosies wi' meh, an sher'll mebbe put t' boottons on for meh.

A DEEASMENT O' CAWAD

WHAH Ah's nobbut iv a middlin waah, thank yer. Ah ayant bin real weel sen Ah ad t' influenzy.

Ad it? Eye. There was a vasst o' fooaks ad it, an Ah gar it an all. Ah nivver thowt Ah soodd a gettin 't naather. Ah's getten te be a oard man, thoo knaws, gahin seventy ight, an Ah thowt Ah were ower oard te tak smit. But awivver Ah war n't. Its a despert smittle thing is t' influenzy.

Oo lang is't sen Ah ad it? Whah it were joost aboot Kessmas tahme at Ah started. It coommed on like a bit of a cawad at t' start, thoo knaws, an Ah thowt nowt aboot it. Tak care o' mesen a bit; be all right enoo, thoo knaws; nobbut a deeasment o' cawad. Ah nivver thowt a oard feller like me would tak smit.

When onnybody's getten a feeaver, or

owt at's smittle, ther allus get oard fooaks te luke efter em, deeant ther? Becos ther reckon at oard fooaks disn't tak smit. An Ah thowt 't wad be t' seeam wi t' influenzy. Bud oard fooaks taks t' influenzy's weel as yoong uns.

There's a oard man doon i' t' carr yonder, ee tak smit, an ee's oarder nor me be aboon fower year. Ther thowt it were gahin te finish im an all, bud ee's getten ower't. Whah ee dis pleean a bit noo an ageean yit, te be seer, bud ee's i' middlin fair fettle, thoo knaws.

Ah was despert bad mesen. Me eead warked, an me back warked, an me beeans warked. Ah couldn't finnd a eeasy spot neeawaas.

Nohr, noott t' fosst daah. T' fosst daah Ah thowt nowt aboot it, deeant Ah tell yer. Ah thowt Ah'd nobbut getten a deeasment o'cawad. An Ah went oot te fodder t' coo; bud Ah was that wayak,

look yer, Ah ad te tak odden t' wall coommin back, or Ah soodd a toommled me length i' t' yard. An when Ah gat back te t' oose wer sent for t' doctor. An Ah telled im. An ee says, "It's a woonder ye aren't laird 'i t' yard yit, ye owt to be i' bed. Thoo's getten t' influenzy," ee says.

See Ah sent for me nevvy te coomm an luke efter meh a bit, an ee coommed.

Ah nivver thowt Ah soodd a getten t' influenzy. Ah thowt Ah was ower oard te tak smit. Bud awivver Ah warnt. Ah thowt 'twas nowt bud a deeasment o' cawad.

Ah 'ink cawads is t' beginnin o' ommost all diseeases, yer knaw. It was a cawad at started Mrs. Boomuck te be badly, afoor sher deed. Sher gat a real solid deeasment o' cawad, an it fair stagnaated er ooal system.

POOACHIN

POOACHIN? Nohr, bless yer life! Ah gin ower that job this monny a daah. Ah did use te de a bit i' me yoonger daahs, Ah weeant saa at Ah didn't. Bud Ah ayant deean nowt o' t' sooart o' laately.

Ah used te ev a lurrcher bitch i' them daahs at wad a clicked a'are as sharp as onny dog at ivver Ah seed. An monny a are, an monny a rabbit that there dog's fetched for me, eye monny a doozzen. She ad as mich sense, ad that there dog, as ommost onnybody i' t' village, an a deal mare an soomm. She was a real good un. Bud awivver sher gar intiv a trap yar daah; yan o' them steel uns, yer knaw. An, deng it! it were yan at Ah'd setten mesen for a denged oard 'are iv a edge. An t' dog leg tak t' wrang waah, d'yer see? An Ah ad er te shoott. By Lad! Ah was put aboot, Ah

tell yer. Ah thowt as mich aboot that there dog as Ah did aboot me oahn bairns, varry near.

Ah tak t' Vicar dog wi' meh efter that, when Ah could 'tice im oot. Ee was a broon an white spaniel, an as good as a retriever te me. A useful dog very. Ther called im Sam.

Oo did Ah ger im te foller meh, d'yer saah? Whah mah soonn wurrked for t' Vicar, d'yer see? An ee brote t' dog doon wiv im te oor oose soomtahmes, an t'dog ad getten te knaw meh middlin weel. An Ah used te wurrk for im a bit mesen, arvest tahme, an plooggin moock, an sike like, when ther were throng.

T' Vicar used te farm is oahn bit o' land i' them daahs; there was aboot fifty yacre on't. Ee used te shoott ower it an all. Bud ee nivver gat a deal o' gaame off'n it. Ah didn't get a deal naather. Bud Ah mebbe gat mare an im.

POOACHIN

Bud yar daah. Ah taks me goonn, an Ah gans awaah oopp t' eeadlan' yonder te see if there was owt asturr. An enoo Ah sees a coovy o' partridges i' t' Vicar tonnups; that thod field o' is, thoo knaws, at es wots in te year. An tonnups was nobbut a poor crop, an Ah could see t' bods as fair as owt, Ah were varry good o' seet. See Ah puts me goonn tegither, an Ah parzels awaa oopp at t' back o' t' edge, wharl Ah gets fair ageean em. An Ah lets drahve, an Ah daffles fahve on em. Tree on em was deead, an t' oothers was daffled, bud roonners, d'yer see? an ther gat awaa amang t' tonnups, an Ah couldn't finnd em.

Awivver Ah didn't want te loss t' bods, see Ah gans awaah doon inte t'choch-garth te borrer t' Vicar dog Sam. Ah knawed ee'd finnd t' bods sharp aneeaf, Ah'd ad im afoor.

An Ah didn't like te whistle for t' dog; Ah was flaad soomm o' t' bairns wad coomm

oot te see wheeah was callin on im; see Ah wows like a cat, d' yer see? An t' dog com roonnin oot te finnd t' cat; an Ah joost calls im, an taks im awaa oopp te t' field ageean. An Ah shows im a bod, an Ah says, "Gooah seek, lad." An awaa ee gans, an ee fetched me beeath them tweeah bods i' less an fahve minutes. An Ah coomms awaah doon; an Ah sends t' dog back.

Eye, ee were a clever dog were Sam, an useful very. Ah tried to beg im yar bit, bud it was te neeah use, ther wadn't pairt wiv im. Awivver it was mebbe as weel; Ah borrered im when Ah wanted im, an nivver said nowt te neabody, an if ee'd bin mahn, what, Ah soodd a ad t' licence te paah.

DROAHVER DICK

WHAT d'yer saah? That shippert dog o' droahver Dick's? Yer mean that white un, deeant yer, wi' yar black loogg? Ohr, Dick esn't ad im of a good bit; ee selled im lasst back end.

Ee likes a white dog, dis Dick; ee reckons yer can see em see weel when t' daahs is takkin off at t' back end o' t' year; a deal better an yer can a dark coollered un. Bud ee selled Snawflaake, that yan at thoo meeans.

Eye, it were a bit o' good was that; Ah did laff when ee telled me aboot it.

Soomm fooaks reckons, yer knaw, at Dick isn't quiet sharp. Bud Ah deeant knaw. Ee were sharp aneeaf that tahme, awivver. Ee wanted te sell t' dog, d'yer see? becos it ad vexed im a tahme or tweeah. An ee'd eard tell of a chap ageean Morton yonder, at wanted a shippert dog. See ee taks t'

traan, an ee gans awaah te see this ere feller; an ee taks t' dog wiv im. An ee lands oopp at t' chap oose, an ee axes te see t' maaster. An t' maaster com oot, an ee says, "Noo, Dick, what dis tha want?" An Dick says, "A yer onny beeasts or owt, maaster, at yer want takkin in te t' market te-morn?"

An't maaster says, "Nohr, Dick, Ah ayant onny gahin te-morn. Bud that's a straange nice lukin dog thoo's getten. Is ee a good un?"

"Best dog at ivver Ah ad," says Dick, "an thoo knaws Ah've ad soomm good uns. Ah can mak im dee owt ommost."

"Wilt tha sell im?" says t' feller.

"Sell im! Nohr. What for soodd Ah sell im?" says Dick. "Ah deeant want te pairt wiv im."

"Wha Ah sadly want a dog," says t' man, "an Ah like t' lukes o' that o' tharn. Ah'll gi tha aaf a quid for im."

"Yer ayant onny beeasts or owt for t' market te-morn then, maaster?" says Dick.

"Noh," ee says, "Ah ayant. Bud what wilt tha tak for t' dog? Ah'll gi tha fifteen bob. Is ee a good wurrker?"

"Eye, ee'll dee owt," says Dick. "Ah weeant tak fifteen bob, nor ighteen bob naather."

"Whah Ah'll gi tha a sovrin then," says t' man, "if ee's onny good."

"Wad yer like te see im wurrk?" says Dick.

"Eye, te be seer," ee says. "Ah a soomm sheep i' that swath yonder; let's awaah see what t' dog can deeah."

See awaah ther went; t' dog walkin at t' sahde o' Dick, d'yer see? An t' sheep seed em coommin, an sooarter cloostered te-gither a bit; straange dog, yer knaw. An Dick says, "Ger awaah by."

An awaah gans t' dog, capped te ev soommat te deeah. An Dick says te t' man,

sharp like, " Mun Ah tell im te bring aaf on em? " An ee shoots oot, " Splet em, dog, splet em."

An t' dog roonns in amang t' sheep, an brings aaf on em oopp te t' maaster as andy as owt.

An Dick says, " What d'yer think te that, noo? "

" Whah," ee says, " it's a bit o' good. Ah'll gi tha a sovrin for t' dog."

An ee taks oot is posse, ee knawed Dick liked t' seet o' moonny.

" Weel," Dick says, " Ah ayant addled nowt mich this lasst fortnith seeah far; Ah'll mebbe tak 't."

Seeah t' feller paas Dick t' sovrin; an Dick spits on it an puts it intiv is pockit. An ee says te t' dog, " Thoo mun gan wiv im noo, Snawflaake, ee's thee maaster noo; an good loock te yer beeath, an me an all" An awaa ee gans. An t' dog sits doon ageean t' man, an lukes efter Dick, like a bairn at

disn't knaw whether te laff or te rooar, wharl ee gat oot o' seet. Ee knawed weel aneeaf at Dick ad selled im, an ee'd etti gan wiv im ne mare.

An Dick telled me at efter aboot it. An ee says, "T' dog was te neeah use te me. Ee wad roonn in amang t' stock, d'yer see? t' warst fawat a dog can ev. An ee wad a gone on splettin them there denged sheep wharl there was nobbut yan on em left, whether Ah'd telled im or noott. Ah were weel shoott o' t' dog."

'Splet em, dog, splet em!'

PARCILS

AH deeant knaw oo it is, bud a man allus es a mottal objection te ooggin owt i' t' naatur of a parcil. Ah 'aate dyin on't mesen, an nivver wad deea if Ah warn't fooast. It isn't nobbut men; lads is joost t' seeam, ther weeant be seed ooggin owt i' t' naatur of a parcil if ther can elp it; noott oonless it be a bag o' apples, or a bag o' goodies, or soommat at maks it woth ther wharl like. An that's what is aboot it.

Noo Ah used te wurrk iv a toon where there was a vasst o' skeeal lads coommin an gooin. An Ah've eeard em tahmes an ageean when ther've gone tiv a shop for owt; an ther'll allus saah, Deeah't oopp small seeah's it'll gan i' me pockit; or, mak it seeah's it'll gan oopp me weskit; or, if it's a langish parcil, ther'll tie it onti ther gallussies an ev it doon ther troosie leg. Ah yance seed

a lad deeah that wiv a oomberelly at ee ad te fetch yam for is sister. An ee went whistlin awaah doon t' street, as contented as a pig at a swill bookit, becos ee'd getten t' parcil oot o' seet; for all ee ad te walk wiv a stiff leg. Ah nivver seed nowt like it.

Lasses is as different as owt. They'll oogg things aboot wiv 'em be t' oor, an nivver tak a bit o' nooatice. Whah, ther nivver ev ne pockits nor nowt, an seeah ther mebbe get used te ooggin things i' ther ands. An ther'll oogg things aboot wiv em when ther ev ne call; mebbe a empty bag or a mooff; joost oot o' contrairyness. Bud men nivver ooggs things i' ther and, if ther can elp it, nor lads naather. Whah, if yer see an oard rooadster wiv is missis on t' rooad, t' man'll be walkin twee or tree yed on i' t' froont, wiv is ands iv is pockits, an t' woman'll be ooggin a boonndle be'int.

When fosst Ah gat wed mah missis used te cooax me te fetch urr bits o' things fre't

toon, te seeave urr gahin, d'yer see? O' cooarse yans a bit soft when yan fosst gets wed. Bud Ah seean gat stalled o' that job. Ah'll tell yer what stopped me off o' dyin on't.

Mah missis says te me yar Set'dah, "There's nowt for thee dinner te-morn, John; wilt tha fetch uz a bit o' beef when tha coomms fre thee wark?"

"Eye," Ah says. "Ah'll think on, Mary Jaane." Ther call mah missis Mary Jaane, yer knaw. An seeah when Ah'd getten me wark deean, Ah called in at t' butcher shop; an Ah axes im te coott meh a bit o' beef, aboot tweeah poonnd. See ee cootts meh a nice bit o' steeak; an ee laps it oopp iv a bit o' newspaaper; an Ah taks it; an Ah gets on me bicycle, an awaa Ah gans. An Ah'd getten aboot aaf waah yam, an Ah begins te think Ah adn't getten odden as mich meeat as Ah ad when Ah started. An t' paaper ad getten a bit wet like, i' me and. See Ah

lukes doon, an, by Lad! t' bit o' steeak ad all rovven oot o' t' paaper boddom, an were varry near traalin on t' groonnd. Ah nobbut ad odden yar end on't an t'other end was stritchin awaah doon be t' pedals. An there was aboot fowerteen dogs roonnin efter meh.

Weel, Ah joomps off me bike, an Ah were fair bet te knaw what te deeah wi't bit o' beef. It wadn't gan back inti t' paaper neeawaahs. T' paaper was all rovven an wet, yer knaw. Weel, Ah says te mesen, this caps owt! An Ah darn't pur it i' me pockit. There was neeah paaper, d'yer see?

An Ah joost steead an luked at it, an t' denged stooff was gerrin langer an langer. An Ah says, What, Ah sall etti deeah soommat wi't, or else Ah sall loss t' lot on t' rooad. See Ah pulls me cap off; it was yan o' them tweeah peeaked uns; an Ah puts t' bit o' meeat i' me cap, an Ah nips me cap te-

gither, an Ah meead for yam as fasst as Ah could gan.

An when Ah gets yam, Ah gans inti t' oose, an Ah swaals t' loomp o' meeat oot o' me cap onti t' teeable.

An t' missis says, "Ohr, yer moocky thing!"

An Ah says, "Deeant call me, Mary Jaane, or Ah'll swaal it at yer," Ah says. "Ah nivver ad sike a gahin on wi owt, i' all mah life, as what Ah've ad wi that there denged stooff. An Ah'll nivver fetch anoother bit o' meeat iv a paaper ageean i' this wolld, not for neeabody, nor mesen naather."

An Ah nivver a deean. An that's what is aboot it.

THE YALLER WAGINETTE

DIS tha knaw that yeller waginette at oard Tommy Bellus used te drahve inti Pickering o' fair Moondahs? Weel Ah was rahdin i' that there thing yar Moondah; it was a moocky wet daah, an wer ad t' top on. An there was me, an Sam Bellman, an is missis; yer mebbe knaw urr? a big woman, weighs aboot fowerteen steean, wiv a riddish feeace. Whah there was me, an urr, an Sam, an Jack Filter, an Sarah Ann Radler, an Lizzie Mood, urr at war Lizzie Jiggins, an there was Gooarge Bugsher.

An wer'd all gone down te t'market o' this ere Moondah, d'yer see? It were i' Norvember, joost a bit efter Martmas. Ah ad soomm ogs te sell; ad ther fetched a fair price an all. An Bugsher wanted te see a lad at ee were gahin te ev for wagginer;

an t' rist on em were gahin for yar thing an anoother. Mary Bellman said at things was cheaper at Pickering an ther war at t' village shop, an sher wanted soomm grosseries, seeah sher'd putten off t' wesh wharl Tuesdah, an coommed wi Sam. An there was a middlin thrang i' t' toon, an wer gat squandred aboot, dyin wer bits o' jobs, an Ah seed nowt o' neean on em wharl fahve o'clock, t' tahme at Tommy were gahin te start off back. An that was t' warst part o' t' job.

Wer'd all getten inti t' waginette, an ad getten as far as t' raalwaah crossin, yer knaw, an Gooarge Bugsher says, "By Goom! Ah've left mah cooat at t' Black Swan; Ah mun awaah back and fetch it."

Seeah wer stopped t' cart te ler im ger oot. Bud awivver, Tommy says, "Thoo needn't te ger oot, Gooarge," ee says, "Ah'll ton roond, an we'll all gan back; it weeant tak uz lang."

THE YALLER WAGINETTE

An seeah wer did deeah. An Gooarge fan is cooat; an Tommy gar a drink; an ther gat in ageean. An Tommy were joost tonnin t' mere roond, an there were a moorter bike com peffin by, joost at t' seeam tahme, d' yer see? nassty stinkin things! an varry nigh flaad t' oss te deead. An sher gav a greeat loonge roond all of a sooddent, an wemmled t' oard waginette an ersen clean ower onti t' coarser; an swaaled uz all yan amang t' oother inti t' tilt o' t' cart, d' yer see? Ah nivver seed sike a gahin on i' mah life. We were all legs an airms! Soommbody catched me a greeat boonch ower t' looggooal wiv is feeat, an meead all fair ring ageean. An it was as dark as pick, wer could see nowt. An Gooarge Bugsher went eead fosst inti Mary Bellman, an sher thowt it were urr Sam. An sher gat er airms roond is neck; sher were that flaad, d' yer see? An sher says, "Ohr, Sam, wer all gahin te be

killed! An shure mah back's brokken. Give uz a kiss an saah good-bye lad; an tak care o' t' bairns if thoo isn't killed. Eh dear!"

An Gooarge gav er a kiss, like a man, an nivver said nowt. An sher nivver knawed wharl wer gat aaf waah yam, an then ee telled er.

Awivver wer gat crawled oot efter a bit. An neean on uz was nowt mich t' warse. An t' oss an t' waginette was all right an all.

Bud t' warst on it was, Ah was o' fire! Sam Bellman were smookin a cigar at t' tahme, d' yer see? An when t' cart wemmled ower soommat catched im at t' back o' t' eead, d' yer see? An t' cigar flew oot o' is mooth an let i' mah pockit. An o' cooarse Ah didn't knaw nowt at all aboot it, d' yer see? An it bont a greeat ooal i' mah cooat lahnin, an t' ootsahde an all, an me weskit an all; Ah nivver fan t' denged

thing wharl Sam were laatin for't, an it were bonnin all t' tahme. By Goom! it did mak a mess o' me, Ah tell yer!

Ah soodd think wer'd be better an aaf an oor afoor wer gat fettled an off ageean. Awivver wer did get off aboot a quarter te six. An wer ad te laat oopp wer parcils, weel's wer could, on t' rooad.

Bud wer gat a laff oot o' t' mis'ap efter all, at leeast soomm on uz did; an that were t' best o' t' lot.

Mary Bellman, Ah tell yer, ad been gerrin soomm grosseries; an amang urr parcils sher ad yan o' them tweeah poonnd tins o' treeacle, yan o' them wiv a sooart o' baccy tin lid, an pented green. An sher ad it on t' seeat ageean er. An soommoo or oother, aather when t' waginette wemmled ower, or soomm tahme at efter, this ere can o' treeacle gat laad on it sahde. An t' lid com off. An all t' treeacle ran oot onti t' seeat, d' yer see? And Mary gat set doon fair

amang it d' yer see? An enoo sher begins te feel soommat a bit dampy like, where sher were set, an sher puts er and doon an finnds oot what were t' matter.

Bud, awivver, sher warnt gahin te saah nowt aboot it; sher thowt sher'd paah Gooarge Bugsher oot for lettin on er kiss im i'steead o' Sam, d' yer see? An ee were sitting at t' oother sahde o' t' waginette ageean urr Sam at t' tahme.

Seeah Mary says, "Ah'll swapp tha seeats, Gooarge. Ah want te sit ageean Sam."

"Weel," says Gooarge; an ther swapped seeats, d' yer see?

An Gooarge nivver knawed nowt wharl t' treeacle began te soomp throoff is troosies. An Mary ad bin laffin tiv ersen that mich wharl sher'd dropped off te sleep, an sher were snoorin like a pig.

"By Lad!" Gooarge says tiv issen;

"Ah'll get t' top sahde o' soombody ower this job yit, Ah bet!"

See ee whispers across te Sam, "Swapp seeats wi me, Sam, for a lark, wharl yure Missis is asleep. Sher'll nivver knaw when sher wakkens, an sher'll mebbe gi meh anoother kiss."

"Ah's willin," says Sam; an ther chaanged ower, d'yer see?

An Gooarge noodges Sam missis wiv is airm, efter a bit, an sher wakkened wiv a joomp; sher thowt t' waginette ad toommled ower ageean.

An Gooarge says, "A yer brokken onny mare back beeans then, Missis?"

An sher says, "Whah its Gooarge! Ah thowt 'twere Sam at were set ageean me. Where is tha Sam?"

"Ah's ere," says Sam.

An Gooarge says, "Ee's set ower yonder, Mary, where me an thoo's been set."

"Whah that's ower bad!" she says. "Sam, thoo greeat dafty, thoo's sittin all amang t' treeacle ats coommed oot o' t' tin. Ah've bin set in't mesen, an see es Gooarge ere."

An there ther war, all t' tree on em, all stookk oopp te ther necks wi treeacle! An there were greeat cobwebs o' t' nasty clarty stooff all across t' carriage boddom. Ah dursent tell yer what Sam said.

it was a moocky wet daah

ANN RADLER' TEETH

AH'D clean forgetten te tell yer aboot Sarah Ann Radler' teeth when t' yaller waginette went ower. Bud Ah moodd as well start at t' beginnin o' t' teeal an tell oo sher gat em fosst.

Weel, yer knaw, Sarah Ann ad lost all urr teeth oot afoor sher were fahve an twenty. An sher were allus freeatin aboot it, becos sher said sher were gahin te luke like a oard woman afoor sher war a oard woman, d' yer see?

Bud yar daah, mebbe seven or ight week afoor this ere Moondah at Ah were tellin' yer aboot, there were a traveller feller fre Leeds com roond t' village. An ee ad a bag full o' them fausse teeth, like what yer see i' them glass caases at t' oot-sahde on a drooggist shop. Ee was sellin on em, d' yer see?

An ee appened te call at Sarah Ann oose. An Sarah Ann telled im at sher were pleeased at ee'd called. An sher gat im te fit er a pair in, d' yer see?

Whah ee tried er wiv a vasst o' pairs, an neean on em was a varry good fit. Bud awivver, sher said sher would keep yar pair, at was t' nearest sher could get te t' shap'n er mooth. An t' man said ee'd be roond ageean aboot t' New Year, an if sher didn't finnd em suit like, ee'd swapp em for er, d' yer see? An seeah sher kep em. An for all ther were a bit louse iv er mooth, an clicked a bit when sher were chowin er vittals, sher gat on fairly weel wiv em. An ther meead er luke yoong ageean, an that were t' mairn i' urr thinkin.

Ah forget what sher'd gin for em; seven an six, mebbe; or mebbe mare; oor Martha 'd tell yer. Ah knaw it were a good bit. T' oahnly objection at Sarah ad tiv em was, at fittin louse like, sher were a

bit flaad o' swallerin on em when sher were asleep, yer knaw. Seeah when sher went te bed sher ad a bit o' band tiv em, an fasstened em te t' bed end.

Weel, Ah was tellin o' yer, when t' waginette wemmled ower o' this ere Moondah, Sarah Ann Teeth toommled oot d' yer see? An sher didn't nooatice joost at t' tahme, sher were ower stagnaated. Bud enoo, when wer'd getten varry near yam, sher finnds it oot. An sher says, "Ohr! Ah'v lost mah teeth oot! where ivver a ther getten teeah?"

An wer all started laatin aboot for em, an wer couldn't finnd em onnywheres. An Bugsher said sher'd mebbe swallered em. But sher said, "Nohr, sher wad a nooaticed if sher'd swallered em, sher were shure she adn't."

An then wer strookk a match or tweeah. An sher says, "Ger oopp all on yer, an see if onny on yer's sittin on em."

Seeah wer all gar oopp, an there ther war clagged onti Sam Bellman troosies! Ther'd bin amang t' treeacle, d' yer see?

An Sam gives em tiv er, an sher laps em oopp iv a bit o' paaper, an puts em iv er basskit.

An Jack Filter says, "Thoo'll ev a middlin sweet tooth noo, Sarah Ann, awivver."

An sher says, "Whah Ah sall wesh em, when Ah gets em yam. A soopp o' watter weeant ot em, Ah's think, will it? Ah deeant want te spoil em, yer knaw," sher says, "or else t' feller weeant chaange em for meh, when ee coomms ageean at t' New Year."

MISFOTTENS

IT'S a despert queer thing at misfottens nivver coomms yan at yance, bud ther allus seeam te coomm toommling yan on t' top o' t'oother. That there lahtle ditty at oor skeealgaffer doughter used te sing aboot Kitty o' Colleraan, were aboot right an all. It were soommat like this ere:

"As beautiful Kitty yar moornin were trippin
Wiv a pitcher o' milk to the fair o' Colleraan,
When sher seed me she stoommled,
Urr pitcher it toommled,
An all the sweet budder milk wattered the plaan."

Ah forgets oo it gooahs on, bud awivver t' feller gat set doon ageean er, an telled er noott te freeat aboot it, an ee gav er a kiss or tweeah te mak er pleeased.

Weel, yer knaw, that were nobbut t' beginnin o' that there lass troobble. Sher used te drop a pitcher whenivver sher seed a nice lukin yoong man coommin along t' street efter that. An iv a week or a fotnith sher'd brokken varry near all t' pitchers there was i' t' toon.

It allus is seeah varry near, misfottens nivver dis coomm single.

Whah t' oother daah Mary Lickaby were tellin me aboot soomm mis'aps at ad appened tiv urr t' Moondah afoor t' lasst. Ah couldn't elp bud laff when sher telled meh; bud Ah darn't let er see at Ah were laffin, sher wad o' bin ranty; Ah said me nooase kittled.

Dis tha knaw Mary? Sher's middlin for ight, bud thin, yer knaw, despert thin; an when sher weears a cooarse appron sher lukes like a stackprod iv a taaty bag. An sher es black air, fair shiny, an sher weears yan o' them sooart o' pig nets all ower it.

Ah nivver fancied em mesen. Bud ther seeave a deal o' brooshin.

If yer think on, it were a despert ard frost o' Moondah week, ardest frost wer've ad te year, an Mary were weshin. An sher'd taan a basskit o' cleease oot te t' lahn, d' yer see! An coommed in ageean, an when sher went out wi t' oother basskit aboot an oor efter, t' cleease on t' lahn was neean on em dry, bud ther were frozzen as ard as a yak bork.

An Mary were real vexed, yer knaw, sher wanted te be on wi' t' wark. Awivver sher thowt sher moodd as weel ing t' oother cleease oopp oot o' t' rooad; an sher went te shift t' chair at sher ad te reeach t' lahn, an t' chair were frozzen fasst te t' groonnd. Weel, look yer, sher couldn't shift t' chair, raave as sher wad. Seeah what dis sher deah bud get set doon on't te warm it an melt it oot o' t' frozzen snaw. An er sketsad getten wet fret' weshin toobb,

d'yer see? an o' cooarse ther all fraaze ard onti t'chair seeat, an clamped Mary tiv it as fasst as a skeeal lad tiv a bit o' shoemakker wax.

Whah, yer knaw, that were aneeaf te vex onny woman of a weshing daah, noo warn't it?

Ah deeant knaw oo lang sher was frozzen on te t' chair boddom. Sher moodd a bin there wharl t' thow set in, if yan o't farm lads adn't coommed by an prahzed er off wiv a shoovvle.

An then sher ad te gan an get t' dinner fit. Weel, Lickaby nivver com in tiv is dinner. An Mary were put aboot ageean. Sher thowt ee'd gone te t' Pooblic. An fower o'clock com, an ee nivver com for is teeah. An fahve o'clock com, an ee adn't coommed in. An it were aboot dark. An Mary were fair craazed.

An sher left t' lahtle bairn i' t' oose, an went oot te laat t' maaster. An sher went

inti t'wotchat where William were diggin well. An when sher gat nigh and sher eeard im shootin on er, an sher roonns ower tiv im. An there t' daft eead was, doon i' t' ooal. Ee'd bin graavin an graavin awaah, wi t' gablock an dig an shoovvle, d'yer see? An swaalin t' moock oot, an swaalin on't oot, an nivver reckonin o' nowt bud gerrin t' ooal deeaper, wharl ee fan issen walled in te t' ooal. An ee couldn't ger oot neeah waahs; ee es a gammy leg, yer knaw. An ee were buried ower eead; an ee couldn't reeach t' top nowt near and; an there ee war, beealin like a bull at's left i' t' field at milkin tahme. An there ee ad bin for oors, an neabody nigh aneeaf and te ear im, wharl Mary com oot te laat im. An ee were starved wi cawad, an starved wi oonger an all.

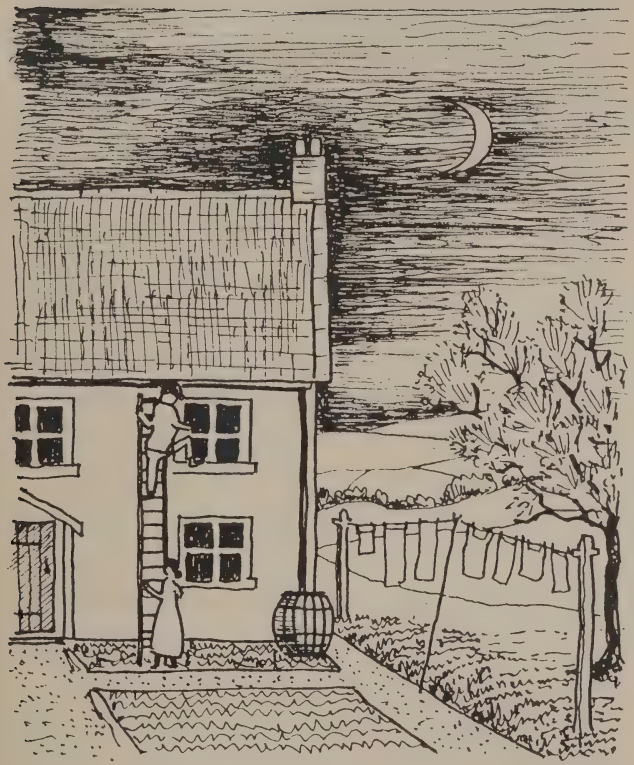
Awivver, Mary gat a sty oot o' t' stag-gath an gar im oot, an ther went off back te t' oose. An what capped t' lot was, at

when ther gat te t' oose ther fan t' doer fasst, an ther couldn't ger in. T' lahtle bairn ad shootten t' deer to, fre t' insahde, an shotten t' latch, d' yer see?

An t' maaster, vexed an starved as ee was, ad te gan awaah back te t' wotchat for t'sty, an set it oopp ageean t' chaamber winder, an climm in an doonstairs i' t' dark, an oonsneck t' doer. An, bon! if ee didn't slip an toommle of is rig gahin doon t' stair steps! Ee ad soomm snaw balled on t' eel of is beeat, an ee sholled on it, an slipped oot at t' reeat; bud ee didn't ot issen.

Noo warnt that a bonny gahin on for yar daah? Ah calls it a real good cletch o' misfottens, what?

An lasst March there were Bob Medlar bairns ad mezzles an moomps an kingcoff all at seeam tahme. An their coo picked er calf amang it all!



PIG JOBBIN

THOO knaws Charlie Chawdibag, pig jobber o' Boddle, mebbe? Whah oor parson ad a lahtle pig te sell, an ee telled Charlie aboot it. An Charlie said ee'd be gahin by wi' t' cart i' t' moornin, an ee'd call in an ev a luke at it. An see i' t' moornin ee called in an telled t' sarvant gell te tell t' maaster at ee'd called te see that there lahtle pig.

An t' parson com oot an showed im t' pig isself; an ee reckoned ee'd tak a guinea for't, d' yer see?

An Charlie lukes t' pig ower, an ee says, "Ah'll gi tha ighteen bob for im, sirr."

An t' parson says, "Naah, naah, that isn't t' price o' t' pig, Charlie, and thoo knaws it isn't. Thoo mun mak meh a better bid nor that."

"Ighteen bob. Ah'll gi tha ighteen

bob," says Charlie, "Ah weeant gi tha ne mare."

"Splet t' difference then," says t' parson, "an gi meh nineteen an six."

"Ighteen bob," Charlie says. "Pigs is nobbut a poor traade joost noo."

"Mak it nineteen then," says t' parson.

"Ah'll tell tha what Ah'll deeah, sirr," ee says, "Ah'll gi tha ighteen an six, an thoo mun gi meh sixpence ageean. Ah cant deeah ne mare nor that?"

"Whah that's joost t' seeam thing," says t' parson.

"Naah it isn't," says Charlie.

An seeah ther settled it. An Charlie paad im t' brass, an gat is sixpence ageean.

An ee says, "Ah mun leeave t' pig ere wharl te-morn, maaster. Mah spot's that throossen oopp wi pigs, Ah ayant neeawaahs te put this ere pig at present."

"Ohr, that'll be all right, Charlie," says t' parson. An awaah Charlie gans. An t' next

moornin t' parson says tiv is man, "Charlie Chawdibag'll be coommin for that there lahtle pig soommtahme te-daah, John, thoo mun elp im te ger it inti t' cart.

Bud Charlie nivver com; ee adn't a nooation o' coommin; noott that daah awivver, nor t' next naather. Ee reckoned at if ee could leeave t' lahtle pig where ee war, for a fortnith or tree week, wiv is feeat oonder t' parson teeable like, ee could mak a bit mare brass oot on't, d' yer see?

An o' cooarse, t' parson were fair vexed at Charlie nivver com te tak t' pig awaah, an im boonn te feed im all t' tahme. An see at tree week end ee fan anoother buyer, an ee selled that there lahtle pig for ight an twenty shilling.

Weel, as loock wad ev it, Charlie called t' varry next daah te tak t' pig yam. An t' parson com oot an ee telled Charlie, weel as er could bein a parson, what ee thowt on im like. An ee telled im at ee'd kep

t' pig wharl yisterdah, an ee couldn't keep 't ne langer, an ee'd selled im te soommbodys else. It warn't likely at ee were gahin te keep a pig for soommbodys else for tree week for nowt. An ee wanted shoott on't, an seeah, whah ee'd selled it. An there were Charlie ighteen shillin back ageean.

An Charlie luked a bit stagnaated at that d' yer see? ee seed ee'd bin a bit sookked in be a parson.

Bud awivver ee says, " Naah, Maaster, Ah ga tha ighteen an six for that there lahtle pig, an Ah mun ev ighteen an six back ageean."

" Ohr, bud," t' parson says, " Ah ga tha sixpence ageean at t' tahme.

" Eye, wer knaw all aboot that," Charlie says. " What didn't Ah tell yer at t' tahme at that warnt t' seeam thing? That there sixpence ad nowt at all te deeah wi t' price o' t' pig, d'yer see? That were a loock penny.

PIG JOBBIN

An whether t' parson seed or noott, Ah deeant knaw, but Charlie gat is ighteen an six. An ee reckoned ee didn't care, ee'd meead sixpence oot o' t' denged pig awivver.

There a queer thing is a pig, an yan can eeasy get teean in wiv em. An ther aather all moonney, or else yer can't giv em awaah. Bud Charlie Chawdibag's a despert good joodge of a pig, ee's bin amang em all is life, d'yer see? An he nivver losses nowt at em.

Ee knaws oo te ger em fat an all. Ah axed im yar daah oo ee gat em on see fasst.

"Whah, yer see," ee says, "Ah nivver keeps a pig lang mesen, as fasst as Ah gets em Ah wants shoott on em, an ther etti improve sharp. See Ah gives em wots, an a soopp o' skim milk."

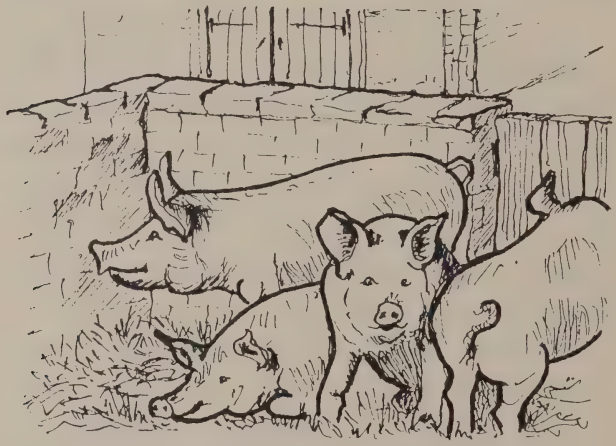
"Wots?" Ah says.

"Eye, wots," ee says.

"D' yer croosh em then?" Ah says.

"Naah, croosh em? Naah, let em croosh em thersens—thaa can croosh em weel

aneeaf for thersens. Ther like owt te champ, dis a pig," ee says. "An t' wots maks em dry, d' yer see? An then ther soopp t' skim milk, an ther gan awaah like smack, if ther've onny grow aboot em. Ther's nowt gets em on see fasst as wots an a soopp o' skim milk. Soomm fooaks 'll tell yer maaze, but Ah gives mahn wots an a soopp o' skim milk.



reared on wots an a soopp o skim milk

JIMMY WATTERFIELD

DID yer knaw oard Jimmy Watterfield? Nohr it ud be afoor yure tahme, Ah reckon. Poor oard Jimmy, an poor oard Betty an all, ther were a deeacent oard coople, bud ther've been deead this monny a year noo.

Ther used te live at Aaslaby, i' that there lahtle thacked oose at steead at t' reet and sahde as yer gan oopp t' street. Bud t' oose es bin rahved doon this good bit, an them two new uns belt i' t' spot.

Ther lived iv a quarry ooal fosst when ther com. Ther couldn't ger a oose, d' yer see? Seeah ther meead a sooart of a spot i' t' firin ooal of an oard lahme kill, at top o' Butcher wood yonder, an belt oopp t' froont wi louse steeans. Fooaks said ther lived mairnly o' prickly-backed ochins i' them daahs. Ah've eeard tell at ther used te

coovver em oopp middlin thick wi claah, an put em iv a wood fire te rooast. An when ther were deean Betty would crack t' claah off'n em, an all t' skin an t' prickles com off wiv it, d' yer see? an left a nice bit o' white meeat, mare like a rabbit an owt. Seeah ther tell me; Ah nivver tried em mesen. Bud that's t' waa at Jimmy an Betty lived, when fosst ther com, afoor ther went inti that there lahtle thacked oose. Ee liked a bit o' gardin did Jimmy, an ee was straangely fond of a pollyanthus.

Ther used te set greeat store, an all, on a stooffed dookk at ther ad iv a glass caase i' t' passage. T' dookk warn't nowt mich te luke at, yer knaw, bud she ad tree legs, that were t' straange thing aboot it. Oard Jimmy telled me at where ee com fraah there were a big square pound i' t' village; it were joost a bit oot o' t' village, awivver. An soomm o' t' yoong men used te gan there of a Soonndah efterneean, an ther'd tak a

dookk apiece wiv em, d' yer see? an ther'd ev dookk raaces across this ere pound.

An yar daah Jimmy' missis bowt a settin o' dookk eggs; an sher set em oonder an oard clockin en; an yan on em etched oot wi tree legs. An sher telled Jimmy aboot it, an sher axed im if she were te kill 't, d' yer see?

An Jimmy says, " Kill 't, missis? deng neeah! What for wad yer kill 't? T' poor lahtle bod esn't deean thee ne arm. Thoo mun tak care on't, an rear it oopp, an 't'll mebbe mak meh a bit o' brass efter a bit. An deeant thoo saah nowt te neeabody aboot it, dis tha ear?"

An sher did rear it an all, an nivver said nowt aboot it naather; an that were rether straange for a woman. Bud sher were a bit flaad o' urr Jim i' them daahs. Whah sher allus war a bit flaad on im; ee were a ed-strong sooart of a feller.

Weel, awivver, yar Soonndah when this

ere bod ad getten big aneeaf, Jimmy gets a bit o' band, an ee gets odden t' dookk, an ee ties that there extry leg oopp oot o' seet, d' yer see? An ee taks er awaah doon te t' pound amang t' oothers. An when ee'd putten t' dookk into t' watter te raace, ee slips t' band, d' yer see?

An soommbody says, Off. An ther let louse o' ther dookks, an awaah ther went, across t' pound, te t' meeat trough at ther allus ad at t' oother sahde, wi yan on em scatterin meeat in an callin o' t' dookks. An Jimmy' dookk, at were paddlin wi tree legs ageean t' oothers tweeah, gans galloping ower t' watter, an coommed in varry near two yed an a aaf afoor onny o' t' oothers. An Jimmy wan t' sweepsteeak. It were a bob apiece at ther'd paad, an ther were seven on em raacin, see ee meead six bob an seeaved is ohan, at t' fosst gan off, besahde what ee'd betten on this ere dookk. An sher wan im monny a poonnd at efter.

JIMMY WATTERFIELD

An neeabody nivver gat te knaw at is dookk were a tree legged un, Neeabody'd nivver eeard tell o' sike a thing, d' yer see?

An Jimmy allus tied t'leg oopp ageean as seean as ivver sher com oot o' t' watter, wharl ee gat er yam. Bud ee didn't etti deeah that for lang naather. T' dookk gat te knaw ersen at sher ad te od t' extry leg oopp when sher warn't i t' watter, an sher allus did deeah. An yer couldn't tell, when sher were walkin aboot, at sher warn't joost like onny oother dookk. Ee used te be flaad at sher'd drop t' leg at a orkard tahme, an giv im awaah like. Bud sher nivver did deeah, sher allus thowt on.

Jimmy raaced that there dookk for two year, an then ee left t' spot, an brote t' dookk awaah wiv im. An t' dookk deed efter ther com te Aaslaby, an seeah te compensaat t' dookk for all t' brass sher 'd addled im, ee gat er stooffed, an put iv a glass caase, an Ah seed it monny a tahme.

JIMMY WATTERFIELD

Ee went te t' Union when Betty deed, did Jimmy. Ee'd getten te be ighty year oard an passt wurrk, d' yer see? Bud ee gat wrang yance, when ee were i' t' Union. Ee'd strookken an felled anoother oard man at were in wiv im yar daah. An ther called im oopp afoor t' Booard. An t' magistraat telled im at ee owt to be shammed on isself. "A oard man like you," ee says, "tonned ighty, strikin anoother oard man like im, for shaame!"

"Whah, t' nassty oard loobber!" Jimmy says, "ee adn't neeah business te saah te me what ee did saah. Ah wadn't stan it fre neeah man. An if ee says owt o' t' sooart te me ageean Ah'll fell im ageean, an Ah waa deeah if Ah were nahnty year oard an im a oonderd!"

Seeah ther ad en te pairt i' t' Union. Ee were allus a bit edstrong were Jimmy.

TENGED

AH were brekkin steeans yar daah, on t' igh rooad, aboot a mahle aboon Pickering.

It's a poor job is rooad mendin! Ther nobbut ga meh thotteen poonnd for dyin on em, fosst when Ah started. Bud, awivver, when Ah tooke em on ageean lasst year, Ah telled em Ah wanted a bit mare brass for t' job. An t' Chairiman o' t' Booard says te me, ee says, "Whah, Jaames, wer nivver ev paahed ne mare nor thotteen poonnd for them rooads, an Ah deeant see why wer soodd deeah noo."

"Weel," Ah says, "Ah'll tell yer what it is, gentlemen, Ah ev six mahle o' rooad te fettle, wi t' bye-rooads, an Ah ev ighty toonn o' whinston te brek, an as monny ageean o' lahmston; an a man can't fairly

finnd it iv is eart te deeah 't for t' moonny, Ah seer ee cant."

An see, efter a bit o' talk betwixt em, ther 'greed te gi meh fifteen poonnd. An Ah tak em on ageean at fifteen poonnd. Bud it isn't a deal, noo is't.

Awivver, o' this ere daah, Ah were brekkin them there steeans, an Ah eeard a greeat clatter o' osses feeat coommin doon t' rooad. An Ah lukes oopp an Ah sees Billy Boggart coommin full gallop along t' cam sahde.

An Ah shoots, "Noo, Billy, wheers thoo gahin t' sike a fullock?"

"For t' doctor," ee says.

"What's wrang?" Ah shoots.

"Tommy," ee says,

"Tommy Wheeah?" Ah shoots.

"Tommy o' t' Yatts," ee says, "ee's getten tenged."

"What wiv?" Ah shoots.

"Tenged wi bees," ee says.

Wheer aboots?" Ah shoots.

" All over is eead," ee shoots. An ee'd getten varry nigh oot o' seet. " An is feeace is as blue as a whetston," ee says. An awaah ee gans, full brast, doon te Pickering for t' doctor.

An enoo Ah sees t' doctor rahdin awaah oopp te Tommy oose. An when ee com back Ah axed im oo Tommy war.

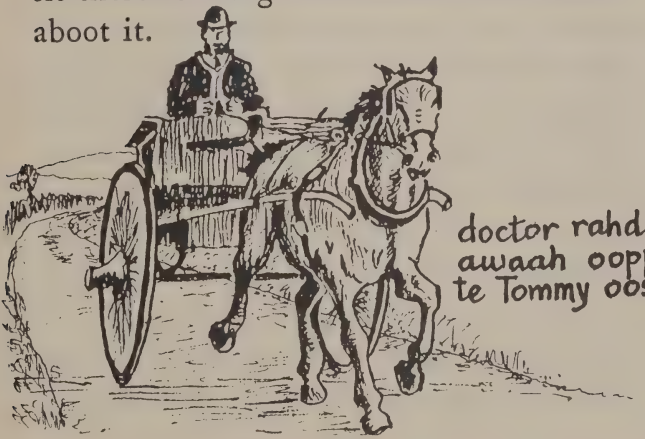
" Tommy?" ee says, " There's nowt t' matter wiv im. Ee were swarmin soomm bees, an ee gat tenged on is feeace; an is missis ad bin roobbin im wi t' blue bag. An that daft feeal Billy Boggart com in an seed im; an ee joost axed what were t' matter, an t' missis telled im at Tommy ad getten tenged; an ee com gallopin off for me withoot anoother wod."

An t' best on it was poor oard Tommy ad t' doctor bill te paah. Ee groommled despert when ee gat t' bill; an ee telled t' doctor at ee owt te a sent it in te Billy.

Bud t' doctor says, " Naah," ee says, " Billy nobbut did it oot o' t' goodness of is eart."

An Tommy says, " Nowt o' t' sooart; nowt o' t' sooart; goodness o' is eart be denged!" ee says. " Ee's deean it oot o' t' daftness of is eead!"

Ah knaw a feller at were lukin oot for a nice soft spot te sit doon an get a bit o' dinner in yar daah. An ee gat set doon fair on t' top on a wapse nest! Bud ee didn't sit there for lang. Ther seean let im knaw aboot it.



doctor rahdin awaah oopp te Tommy oose

ME FAATHER' TROOSIES

ME an me two broothers were gahin te Sinniton lasst Moondah 'd be a fotnith sen. Ah ad te tak a pair o' troosies te Gaabriel Stitch, t' taalor, yer knaw. Ee'd meead em for me faather, an ee'd meead em a bit ower stright, d' yer see? An when me faather put em on o' Soondah forenoon, for t' fosst tahme, ee fan it oot at ther wadn't fairly meet roond is waast, d' yer see? Ee'd getten a bit stooter sen ee ad is lasst suit, aboot tree year sen, an seeah t' measure were wrang. An Ah ad te tak em back te ev em letten oot, or a bit putten in be'int or soommat.

It's tree mahle te Sinniton be t' igh rooad, an mebbe two mahle an a aaf be t' stahle rooad, across t' fields, yer knaw, see Ah went be t' stahles. An Ah tak me two broothers wi meh for a bit o' coompny.

Ther didn't want te gan, bud Ah telled em ther'd etti, or else Ah'd lock em oopp i' t' en oose wharl Ah com back; an if me faather catched em in there ther'd get twanked, An seeah ther com wi meh, d' yer see?

An Ah gets yan o' them marmerlaade bottles, an Ah ties a bit o' band roond t' neck for a annle, an Ah gives it te oor Bob te oogg, cos ee's t' yoongest, d' yer see? An Arry ad t' parcil wi' t' troosies in te oogg. An Ah ad me cattypol.

An when wer gat te that there lahtle beck at roonns doon be Coppy, an doon that there sandy looan at t' back o' Wrelton toon end, an then gans oonnder t' igh rooad, an doon be Ardicks o' Keld Knowle. When wer gat te that there lahtle beck wer stopped te ev a laak. An Ah wanted te catch soomm mennits to put i' t' bottle, d' yer see? See Ah gets a two-pronged stick oot o' t' edge, an Ah maks oor Bob anketcher fasst be t' fower coorners on te t' prongs o' t' stick.

An Ah puts er doon at t' boddom o' t' watter. An Ah sends oor Arry doon t' beck te flaah soomm mennits oopp te me, d' yer see? An when a school o' mennits coomms by, Ah lifts t' stick oopp sharp, bud Ah missed em, an ther went jettin awaa oopp t' beck. An Ah tells oor Robert te ton em; an ee swaaled a steean at em, an doon ther com ageean, an Ah catches fower on em. An Ah shoots te Arry te coomm an give uz a and te ger em inti t' bottle. An ee swaals t' parcil across t' beck te Robert, d' yer see? An t' daft lahtle youthie disn't catch er, an, bon! sher toommles fair inti t' watter, an ee dursent get er oot.

Awivver, me an oor Arry gets t' mennits inti t' bottle, an then Ah taks me landin' net an Ah fishes t' parcil oot. An, by Lad! it war wet!

An Ah gives Bob is anketcher back, an Ah puts t' stick throoff t' band o' t' parcil, an Ah ooggs it mesen. An wer put t' bottle

o' mennits at t' back'n a greeat steean, te felt it, wharl wer com back, d' yer see?

An when wer gat te Gaabriel' oose Ah telled im aboot me faather troosies, an at ee ad te let em oot aboot tree inch roond t' top; an if there warnt aneeaf stooff ee ad te put a bit in at t' back, ther wer ower tight.

An Ah gives im t' parcil. An t' paaper ad getten middlin dry be that, wi ooggin on't i' t' wind, d' yer see? An ee said nowt aboot it at fosst. Bud when ee oppened em oot, by Lad! t' troosies was all wetten throoff!

An Gaabriel says, "Where i' t' wold ev ye ad em? By goom! ther waasted! Ah'll send wod te thee faather an tell im thoo's ad is troosies i' t' beck, an then thoo'll catch er."

An Ah says, "Thoo'll deeah nowt o' t' sooart, Gaabriel," Ah says. "Thoo can eeasy dry em, an put a bit o' starch in em, an iron em oot, an me faather 'll nivver

knaw ner difference. Bud, bon! if thoo ivver naames a wod aboot it te me faather," Ah says, "ther'll nivver be anoother pair o' cleease at thoo maks for me, ner for Arry, ner for Robert, at'll ivver fit onny on us onny mare. Ah's tellin o' yer. An wer'll pleean on yer te me faather for usin bad stooff, an mak im gan soomwheres else for wer cleease. Bud if thoo ods thee jaw, an nivver says nowt, wer'll weear em oot sharp, Gaabriel," Ah says, "an then wer'll etti get yer te mak us soomm mare."

"Eh, dear!" ee says. "Ye're roomm lads! yer allus get t' better o' me. Bud Ah weeant saah nowt te thee faather. An there's a apple apiece for yer."

Wer com back be t' igh rooad at t' back 'n a brewer roolley. An when wer gat yam, Ah says te t' lads, "Bon! Ah've clean forgetten them there mennits!"

BOD-NESTIN

WHEN me faather sent meh ower te Sinniton ageean te see if Gaabriel ad getten is troosies deean, me an Arry an Bob, wer com back be t' stahle rooad, te see if wer could finnd onny mare mennits i' t' beck, an te bring t' oothers back. An when wer were coommin doon that there swath field ageean Coppy, Ah sees a black-bod nest iv a ollin tree i' t' edge. See Ah climmed oopp t' tree, an were joost peeakin inti t' nest; sher ad fower eggs, Ah 'ink, mebbe fahve; an Ah ad getten tree on em oot, an putten em i' me mooth te fetch em doon, d' yer see? An, by Goom! a greeat gormless lass com roonnin oot o' t' oose, an across t' slack. Bob an Arry seed er coommin fre t' back o' t' edge, an Ah didn't, d 'yer see? an t' daft youths nivver said nowt, ther joost offed, d' yer see? an left me i' t' tree

tellin em oo monny eggs there was, an at Ah were getten em yans apiece, when t' lass com oopp. An, afoor Ah knawed sher were there, sher shoots at me, "If yer aren't sharp doon that there tree t' missis says sher's gahin te send t' maaster efter yer."

By Lad! Ah was sharp doon! Noo Ah coommed doon iv a fullock, Ah tell yer! Ah coommed doon a vasst sharper an soomm o' mah troosies an all, Ah did that. Ah left a greeat soahvin bit on em, aneeaf te mak a weskit for a bairn, fasst ontiv a brokken graan. An t' eggs was all broossen i' me mooth; an yan on em was addled, an, by Gor! it war nassty; it meead me spit, Ah tell yer!

Weel, Ah ran for yam wharl Ah could roonn ne langer, an Ah catched oopp wi t' oother lads. An ther beeath on em says, "By Lad! thoo es rovven tha troosies! T' backsahde on em's clean rovven oot."

An Ah says, "Eye, thoo brazzent lahtle

feeals! an it's all yure fawat. What for didn't yer tell meh at yon gormless lass were coommin? Ah'd cloot beeath o' yer loogg ooals for yer, if Ah warn't flaad yer'd tell me moother, yer sackless feeals! Awivver," Ah says, "ev aather on yer onny band i' yer pockits? Laat an see."

An naather on em ad neean. An Ah ad neean bud me top band.

See Ah says te Robert, "Thoo'll etti tak thee shibbands oot, Bob, an lend us em wharl wer get yam. An, Arry, Ah want tha cap, an thoo mun coott a lahtle bit off o' tha shibbands an give it te Bob te tie is beeats tegither at t' top, see as ee weeant loss em off."

An Ah taks oor Arry cap, an Ah puts er in be'int, where me troosies was rovven; an Ah ties er there wi Bob shibbands. An ther said ther could scarce tell where ther were rovven. An wer coommed awaah yam. An Ah telled me moother at Ah'd rovven me

troosies. An sher said, Ah ad an all, an at Ah were a bad lad, an sher wished t' ollidahs was owered. But sher said sher'd fettle em oopp for meh efter Ah'd gone te bed. An theease is t' troosies at Ah ev on.

An oor Arry says, efter wer'd getten te bed, " Bon! Walt, wer've forgetten them there mennits ageean! Ah's think ther will o' soopped all t' watter i' t' bottle be this, an there'll be all starved te deead, its mare an a week."

A LARK

AH ad a lark yisterdah, by Lad! Me faather were gahin te Pickering te see t' farrier aboot yon coo o' oors at's badly, an Ah were gahin wiv im. An ee telled meh i' t' moornin at Ah were te fetch t' gallowah in fre t' paddock afoor dinner soomtahme, ee were gahin te drahve. An Ah gans oot bod-nestin a bit i' t' forenoon, an Ah sees a throstle nest iv a young esh tree i' Tommy Ossler edge, atwixt Rimmer coo pastur an is. See Ah gans oopp this ere tree, an Ah were set on a graan lukin aboot—there warnt nowt i' t' nest, t' bods adn't finished er—an oard Tommy com oopp.

An ee says, "What's tha dyin there? thoo yoong varmint! Coomm doon oot o' that there tree this minute, brekkin mah edges doon. Coomm doon," ee says. Ee was as ranty as a cat iv a trap. Ee ad is dog wiv

im an all; that there savage bobtaal shippert dog, yer knaw. An Ah says, " Ah sahn't coomm doon, noott wharl thoo's there wi that there denged dog o' tharn."

" Wer'll see aboot that," ee says. An ee got odden t' tree booal an shak it. Bud Ah odded fasst.

An then ee says, " Ah'll gan an get me goonn an Ah'll shoott tha doon; thoo porky yoong waastril! "

An ee telled t' dog te watch meh. Ee knawed Ah were flaad o' t' dog, becos t' dog ad ad odden me beeat yance afoor iv is staggath, when Ah was getten mesen a tonnup. An awaah ee gans for t' goonn.

Weel, Ah waats wharl ee gets oot o' seet, an then Ah begins te cooax t' dog, d' yer see? Call im a good feller, bonny Bob, an sike like. Bud ee nubbut snarled at meh, an scratted wiv is ind legs.

Awivver, Ah ad a bit o' pooffi' me pockit, see Ah breks a bit on it off an swaals it

doon tiv im, an ee snapped it oopp an luked oot for soomm mare. An Ah swaals im anoother bit, but Ah swaals it te t' oother sahde o' t' edge, d' yer see? An afoor t' dog ad getten issen rammled throoff t' edge, Ah'd parzeled doon t' tree an were off oopp t' fields.

An then t' denged dog tak efter meh, an Ah thowt ee were gahin te worry meh, fosst when Ah seed im coommin; bud ee nobbut axed for a bit mare pooff. See Ah gav im a bit mare pooff, an Ah seed we were friends. See Ah says, "Coomm on, Bob, good lad!" Ah says. An Ah gans roonnin fair despert oopp t' daale, an inti oor low bank, an throoff that lahthe ezzel plantin, an inti t' daale ageean, an oopp Butcher wood, an inti that firr plantin o' Mitchils. An t' dog gallopin on wi meh all t'tahme. An then Ah taks across be t' fallers inti Crud Annah staggath. An Ah sets oard Tommy dog efter a yoong cockril there. An

t' bod ran cacklin inti their en oose. T' big doer were propped oppen wiv a stack prod, an t' shootter were doon, d' yer see? Weel, t' dog in efter t' cockril, an t' dog knocks t' stick doon as ee gans by, an t' doer claps too an snecks. An beeath t' dog an t' cockril was fasst insahde. An Ah eeard a straange gahin on.

Awivver, Ah leeaves em, an pops across oot o' seet o' t' oose as fasst as Ah could gan, an across t' eeadlan, an inti oor quarry field.

An, by Gor! when Ah get inti oor quarry field, Ah sees t' oard gallowah graazin be t' edge sahde. By Lad! Ah was capped! T' gallowah adn't neeah business there, d'yer see? Bud sher'd getten oot o' t' low paddock an wandered oopp two tonnup fields, an inti t' quarry field. T' fox 'unters ad left all t' yats oppen when ther went by o' Wensday, d' yer see?

Weel, Ah ods oot me cap te t' gallowah

an calls on er, an sher thowt Ah ad soomm wots i' me cap, d' yer see? An sher com parzellin oopp, an Ah clicks er be t' maane, an Ah taks er oopp te t' pound raalins, an Ah gets on er back, an Ah gallops er doon t' fields. An when wer gat inti t' low paddock Ah slips off an esps t' paddock yat, an Ah leads t' gallowah te t' shaade, an Ah gets t' elter oot, an Ah puts er on. An Ah gets on t' gallowah back ageean, an Ah walks er doon yam, an Ah fassens er i' t' steeable, an Ah gans te me dinner. An efter dinner Ah elps me faather te yawak, an Ah gans wiv im te Pickering.

Weel, it'd be aboot aaf passt tree i' t' efterneean when wer gat back, an Ah gans stright inti t' wotchet te pawat a bod. An Ah eears a greeat noration gahin on ower t' wall i' t' rooad, d' yer see? See Ah peeaks throoff a ooall te see what were t' matter. An there was Raaf Robson givin oard Tommy Ossler what for. Ee reckoned at

ee'd fan oard Tommy dog iv is en oose, an ee'd worried yan o' is missis prahze cockrils. An if Tommy didn't give im aaf-a-croon for 't, ee'd tak im te t' coonty cooart, an Ah deeant knaw what all.

An Tommy were saahin at it warnt is fawat, it moost o' bin that denged mischievous lad o' Tonner's at ad deean it.

An Raaf says, "Oo i' t' wolld could it a been im, ee's flaad te deeath o' t' dog," ee says. "Besahdes all that," ee says, "Tonner lad draave inti Pickering wiv is faather a bit efter twelve, oor John seed im gahin. An thoo's joost telled me at ee were oopp a tree i' tha coo pastur at a quarter passt eleven. Oo i' t' wolld could t' lad o' getten oopp te oor oose an back i' that tahm?" ee says, "an get 'is dinner an all. It's tha denged dog at's been pooachin," ee says, "that's what. An if thoo disn't mahnd ee'll get tha inti t' Coonty Cooart," ee says.

Seeah t' oopshot on it war, at poor oard

Tommy pulled oot is posse, ee were varry slaw aboot it, an gav Raaf a aafcroon piece, an telled im te saah ne mare aboot it. Bud, by Lad! ee was savage.

An Ah were laffin, fit te broost mesen, at t' back o' t' wall all t' tahme, i' oor wotchat, an ther nivver knawed Ah were there. Ah ad te fair roll on me back an kick, te keep mesen fre laffin oot, an lettin on em ear meh. It war a bit o' good! Ah couldn't a ad a better bit o' farce if Ah'd planned it all oot for mesen afoorand at Soondah Skeeal.

CHARLIE DRAGON

CHARLIE Dragon were a clogger be traade, an ee used te mak a good livin oot o' clogs i' former daahs. Bud ee cant mak mich oot on em noo. Beeats es getten that cheeap at fooaks es varry nigh gin ower weearin clogs nooadaahs, aboot oor coontry awivver.

These ere cloggers, at a cettin tahme o' t' year, used te gan awaah te soomm spot where there were a vasst o' birrk trees. Ther mak clog sooals o' birrk, yer knaw. An ther'd buy these ere trees where ther steead, d' yer see? An ther'd mak a sooart 'n a camp for thersens an live there for a moonnth mebbe, or mebbe mare, accordinglie te ther wurrk.

An ther'd fell t' trees an saw em oopp inti lengths for clogs, and ther'd coott em rooffly wi ther knives, into t' shap ov a clog

sooal, theer and then wheer ther grew, d' yer see? An then ther'd cart em yam i' bags, an mak em oopp an sell em. An soomtahmes ther'd gan inti Scotland an Ireland efter these ere birrk trees.

Charlie ad a oss an cart i' them daahs, at ee used te awk clogs wiv roond t' coontry sahde. It were a blinnd oss, blinnd i' beeath ees, bud it were a good un for onnybody at knawed it waahs.

T' oss allus stopped deead as seean as ivver is foor feet tooched grass. An it were a bit orkard soomtahmes if yer were drahvin along t' igh rooad an appened te ger on tiv a bit o' swath. Ee'd stop like t' shot of a goonn, wad t' oss, an if yer were gahin fasst ee'd scatter all on yer oot o' t' cart, an yer couldn't elp yersens. Ee sent me eead fosst throoff a thorn edge an landed me iv a pound yar daah, an Ah nivver raade wiv im at efter.

An if yer wanted te ton roond a coorner,

choose which raan yer pulled, ee'd ton on t' instant, that sharp, yer knaw, at ee were varry near fooast te wemmle yer ower, if yer adn't gin im plenty o' room.

Charlie lent this ere oss te Daavid Boomler, t' pooblican, yar daah, te drahve te Morton raaces. An it were Daavid dog-cart at ther ad, an ee reckoned ee'd drahve. There were fower on em in, an Charlie were set at t' back. An when ther gat te t' low sahde yonder, where t' rooad tons off te gan te Morton, Daavid pulls t' off raan at t' coorner, an t' oard oss tons sharp roond, ower sharp be aaf, yer knaw, an t' wheel roonns oopp t' cam sahde an tons t' cart clean ower, afoor onnybody could saah knife.

Charlie seed what were coommin, an ee louped off, bud t' oothers flew oot all rooads. Daavid were laad of is back i' t' middle o' t' rooad, wheer't were despert moocky. An when ther'd getten t' oss an cart putten

right end oopp, ther went te see efter Daavid. Ee were laad there all t' tahme, d' yer see?

An Charlie says, " Es tha otten thesen? Is tha owt t' warse? "

An Daavid says, " Nohr, Ah's nowt ne warse, bud Ah sall be all ower plother! "

An t' daft feeal ad bin laad there thinkin aboot it all t' tahme, an lettin t' moock soomp in!

Ee selled that there oss at efter te Billy Mush, cab-drahver, for a tenpun nooat, an ee'd nobbut gin fower for im adn't Charlie.

Ee didn't tak Billy in aboot t' oss ner nowt o' that, yer knaw, ee were a stright gooin feller were Charlie. Billy knawed ee war a blinnd oss when ee bowt im. An Ah a me doots whether Charlie could a teean Billy in wiv a oss if ee'd wanted; ee knawed ower mich aboot em did Billy, ee ad t' oss traade all off aboot proper. Bud ee wadn't a bowt this ere oss if ee adn't bin blinnd.

That were t' straange thing aboot it. Ee were despert fond o' drink, were Billy. An Charlie telled im at fosst at ee wadn't sell im t' oss.

" Ah'd sell tha t' oss willin aneeaf," ee says, " bud Ah's flaad ee'll be tonnin thee an t' cab ower inti t' gootter ooal soomtahme, when thoo's ad a soopp o' drink, Billy, an mebbe brek thee neck. An then yure missis wad blaame me for't, an wer aren't varry good friends as tis."

Bud awivver Billy begged for t' oss, an see ee gar it, Ah tell yer, for a tenpun nooat.

An when Billy were gahin awaah wi t' oss, ee tonned roond an telled Charlie what for ee'd bowt im. Ee says, " Thoo knaws, Charlie betwixt me an thoo, Ah want te give ower looshin. An Ah've tried all waahs an Ah cant keep off'n t' denged drink. See Ah says te mesen, Ah says, Ah'll buy that there blinnd oss o' Charlie Dragon's.

An knaw Ah sa'nt dar get droonk wiv a blinnd oss i' t' cab shaffts, an it'll mebbe keep me off'n t' liquor."

An it did an all. Afoor Billy ad getten used te troostin issen wi t' oss, ee gat weeaned o' t' drink, d' yer see? An t' oard oss were better be aaf te Billy an if ee'd gone an sahned t' pledge.

Ee were a good earted feller, were Billy, an despert fond of a dog, an ee allus ad yan wiv im. When ee gat wed, yer knaw, o' cooarse ee were gahin te leeave t' dog at yam wharl ee gat back at neet. Bud awivver, when ee were gahin te set off for t' choch, t' dog lukes at im, cooaxin like, an brooshes is taal slawly across t'flooer, an sooart o' squeeals. An Billy fairly adn't t' eart te deny im, yer knaw. An ee says, "Eh, thoo mun coomm, choose what."

See ee tak t' dog wiv im. An t' dog com reet awaah inti t' choch, an gat set doon ageean Billy, at t' chancil steps.

An when t' parson com oot, ee says, "Wheeah's owe t' dog? Wheeah's letten t' dog in t' choch?"

An Billy says, "Whah ee's mahn. Ee wanted te coomm."

MORSES PITCHER

DID yer ear aboot Morses Pitcher, t' pot awker, gerrin is cart skelled oopp lasst week? Ee were gahin doon te 'Melia's, i' t' wood yonder, an yer knaw what a brant ill it is doon te urr oose, wiv a greeat bank oopp at teeah sahde an doon at t' oother? Whah ee were gahin doon there te tak soomm flooer pots an a breead bowl at 'Melia ad ordered on im, d' yer see? An ee thowt ee wadn't tak t' cart reet awaah doon te t' oose, ee'd nobbut etti coomm oopp ageean wiv it d' yer see? An ee'd a middlin looad on, see ee left t' oss an cart aboot aaf waah doon t' ill, an oogged t' pots doon on is eead. An t' tahme at ee were doon at t' oose talkin te 'Melia, t' oard oss wandered off graazin along t' cam sahde o' t' rooad an doon t' bank. An t' pots sloothered tiv a sahde o' t' cart, d' yer see? An t' weight o' t' pots

wemmled t' cart ower, an t' cart shafts knocked t' oss ower, an awaah ther went, rollin ower an ower doon t' bank, wharl ther com ageean a esh tree at stopped em. An t' pots was all brokken te bits an spreead doon t' bank sahde like a drift o' snaw. Aboot thotty bobs woth, Morses said.

An Morses eeard t' clatter o' t' pots, an ee coomms roonnin back oopp t' ill as fasst as ee could gan. An ee seed t' oss an cart laad where ther'd toommled ageean t' tree, an t' bits o' pots skelled all doon t' bank sahde.

An t' oss were fickin te ger oopp, an sher couldn't. An Morses were that bellussed wi roonnin oopp t' ill ee could deeah nowt at fosst. Awivver, when ee gat is wind, ee gat t' arness loused, an pulled t' cart oot o' t' oss rooad; an er legs were oopp t' ill, d' yer see? Weel, sher loonged aboot, an sher couldn't ger oopp, it were that slaape an brant, d' yer see? An sher gav a despert fick,

an went rollin ower an ower ageean doon te t' boddom o' t' bank, afoor sher could ger oopp on end. An then sher gav ersen a good shak, like a lad iv a new suit o' cleease, te sooart o' sattle t' arness, an was nowt ne warse.

An Morses gat er inti t' cart shafts ageean, an traaled er oopp on te t' rooad. An ee leeaves t' brokken pots, an awaa ee gans.

An ee telled me aboot it at efter, an ee said there was nobbut yar pitcher oot o' t' lot at wasn't brokken, an that was issen, an ee thowt t' job'd varry near brek im an all. Ee's a roomm feller.

Me an Dick Lodger was evvin wer teas at Morses oose Soonndah was a week sen; an wer were talkin aboot what appened te Morses t' fore end o' lasst year. Is missis telled uz at ther'd teean is index frev im.

An Dick says, "Is what, missis? Dis tha meean t' gas meter? or is awkin licence?"

"Whah, nohr," sher says, "it's soommat

i' yer insahde! Ee ad citis o' soomm sooart, an ad te ev a operaation at t' ospital, an ther tak is index oot."

"Ohr! Ah knaw," Dick says. "Thoo meeans is addenda, missis, Ah knaw. Its soommat te deeah wi yer breeathin. An ther call it that becos its soommat at owt te a been left oot. Ah've seen t' wod i' t' dictionary." Ee's a middlin scholar is Dick, yer knaw.

"Weel," sher says, "mebbe that's it. Bud awivver, sher says, "t' doctors were fair stagnaated wi Morses. Ther couldn' t tell what were t' matter wiv im wharl ther oppened im, yer knaw! an then ther fan it was this ere denda thing at were makkin' im badly, an ther tak it oot. Bud what capped them war at Morses ad this ere thing at t' wrang sahde. Iv all t' caases at ad ivver been knawn dendas ad allus bin at t' reet and sahde, and Morses denda were at t' left and sahde, d' yer see? An t'

doctors were fair stagnated. An ther wraate te t' paapers aboot it, an ther were sike a gahin on amang um."

"Bud, by Gor!" sher says, "it was a despert good advertisement for uz. Fooaks used te coomm fre all parts, doctors an gentry, an all sooarts, te oor shop, te see Morses, an get im te tell em aboot it. An ther ommoast allus bowt a pot or a joogg or soommat. An ther keep on coommin yit. See Ah says, "It's a ill wind at blaws neeabody onny good," sher says.

Bob Briskit mere skelled t' butcher cart ower t' other daah, an brak beeath shafts off. An t' mere went off wi t' shafts, an t' cart went boomp, an t' meeat flew oot o' t' cart, an Bob went efter t' mere, an t' dogs ran off wi t' meeat, an oor dog gat a greeat loomp o' beef, an brote it inti t' fowdgarth, an t' pig gat it fre t' dog, an Ah gat it fre t' pig, an wer ad it for wer dinners o' Soondah, Lor bless mah life! a good bit o' beef an all!

SOMNAMBULISM

MARY Dreeamer walks iv er sleep soomtahmes, yer knaw. An yar neet, efter sher'd ad soomm rooast porrk an Kessmas puddin for er soopper, sher gat oopp iv er sleep an com doon stairs. It wad be aboot aaf passt twelve, as near as ther could reckon. An sher puts a shawl ower er shooders, an sher taks a bookit an soomm Indian corn, an sher gans oot te feed t' ens, d' yer see?

It were a despert fine moonleet neet, full moon, yer knaw, leet as daah varry near. An Mary pops er bare feet intiv er clogs at t' back doer, an awaah sher gans inti t' staggath. An sher shoots, "Chookie, Chookie, Chookie." An sher called t' dookks an all, "Dookie, Dookie, Dookie." An sher called t' geease an all, "Obbey, Obbey, Obbey." Awivver, t' dookks an t' geease

were fasstened oopp an ther couldn't ger oot.

An t' ens eeard Mary callin on em; ther roosted i' t' wagon shaade roof, d' yer see? An ther popped ther oopp legs doon, an ther pulled ther eeads oot frev oonder ther wings, an craaned ther necks oot, an ther listened.

An Mary ad gin ower callin be that, d' yer see? An t' ens thowt ther moosst o' bin dreeamin, d' yer see?

An then Mary starts callin on em ageean, "Chookie, Chookie, Chookie." Seeah then t' ens thowt, "Bon! it's all reet it's feedin tahme reet aneaf, wer moosst o' ower slept wersens." It were that leet, d' yer see?

An doon ther com elter skelter, oot o' t' wagon shaade, an across t' staggath like a lot o' oard women wi ther skets eld oopp, te Mary at were callin on em.

An sher feeds em wi t' Indian corn, an awaah sher gans back te t' oose an oop-stairs te bed at t' sahde o' Dreeamer.

O' cooarse when t' ens seed t' missis i'

flanninette, an er neet-cap on, an er bare feet i' t' pattens, ther knawed it were urr at ad meead t' mistak, d' yer see? an noott thersens. Bud awivver ther all ad t' sense te get ther bellies full, ther crops Ah meean, bods es ne bellies. An then ther floottered back into t' wagon shaade roof, an stopped there wharl mornin.

All except t' oard cock bod. Ee didn't gan back te roost wharl ee'd ad a lahtle bit o' farce all tiv issen. Ee were a laazy bod iv a mornin as a rule, an ee thowt this ere wad be a despert good chance for im te tak a rahse oot o' all t' cock bods i' t' coontry sahde, d' yer see? An if ee could wakken em all oopp, an mak em believe it were mornin, it'd be joost is barrer. See ee gets issen peeaked on t' top o' t' mook middin, an ee sets issen, an flaps is wings, an gives aaf a doozzen craws, as lood as ivver ee could craw. An ee wakkened ivvery rooster i' t' coonty varry near.

SOMNAMBULISM

Bud when ee eeard one or two cock bods answer is challenge, ee knawed ee needn't te deeah ne mare. An ee climmed oopp ontiv is peeak i' t' roof, an went te sleep, and left t' oother bods te craw thersens oarse ageean yan anoother wharl mornin.

Weel, Mary, Ah tell yer, went back te bed ageean Dreeamer, an nother on em nivver wakkened oopp. An Mary nivver wad a knawn sher'd been oot feedin them there ens, if sher adn't fan er moocky pattens i' t' bed wiv er i' t' mornin. An sher wondered oo i' t' wolld ther'd getten there. An then sher fan t' back doer oppen, when sher gat doon stairs, an all t'maaze gone oot o' t' bookit; an t' ens was pickin aboot i' t' kitchen an at t' back doer, lukin middlin pleeased wi thersens. Sher knawed then, an sher were stagnaated; an sher telled Dreeamer, an ee were stagnaated an all.

An ee allus es a band tiv er noo when

sher gans te bed, seeah sher cant get far. Ee thowt sher'd mebbe want te be givin im is breeak'ast at aaf passt twelve, iv er sleep, soomtahme d' yer see? An it wadn't suit im wadn't that.

Ah yance lodged wiv a feller at walked iv is sleep, an ee warned me aboot it. An ee gar oopp yar neet when Ah were asleep, an ee gat mah Soondah cleease on, instead 'n is oahn oard uns, an me Soondah beeats an all, an awaah ee went. Ah've nivver seen naather im ner me cleease fre that daah te this. Eye, you laff bud Ah didn't.

Bud talkin aboot ens, an oother bods an all, yer'll nooatice at when ther gan te sleep, ther'll varry near allus twarn ther eeads roond an put em oonder ther wing at t' left and sahde. An if yer see a en puttin er eead oonder er wing at t' reet and sahde, yer may knaw sher's a left-anded bod, what wer call a gallack. That's what Ah think aboot it awivver.

TEEATHWARK

AH were talkin te Peter Pipcorn yisterdah, im at went te Woodlesford, agreean Leeds, te be t' office lad at Boonkum an Balderdash's. Ee's coommed yam for is ollidahs. Ee es a week.

Ee's nobbut fifteen, bud a sharp lad of is age. Ee says Mr Boonkum's a big stoot man, wiv a biggish feeace at onny tahme. Bud t' oother daah ee com doon te t' office, Peter says, wiv is feeace aboot three tahmes as big as usual, all swelled oopp, yer knaw; ee ad a despert teeathwark, an ee were varry near ranty wi paan.

An ee wanted te talephohan te Leeds te mak an appointment wiv a dentist d' yer see?

Ee es yan o' them desk talephohans at es t' moothpiece an t' listenin ooal all on yar annle. An ee es nowt te deeah bud

joost te click it oopp an clap it tiv is loogg, wharl ee sits at is desk, an ee can talk te wheeah ee likes, d' yer see?

Bud awivver, o' this ere daah, Peter says, t' boss feeace were that swelled oopp wi' t' teeathwark at ee couldn't get is eead inti t' denged talephohan. It were like a bridle at's ower lahtle, at when t' bits i' t' oss mooth weeant gan ower is looggs, yer knaw, an t' strap i' t' lasst ooal. When t' transmitter were ageean t' boss mooth, t' receeaver were nowt near and is loogg, an ee could shoot throoff it, bud ee couldn't ear nowt ageean, d' yer see? An ee couldn't get t' receeaver ageean is loogg ooal wivoot cockin t' transmitter oopp aboon is eead, an then t' feller at t' oother end couldn't ear nowt o' what ee said.

Weel, when ee seed ee were gahin te be bet wi' t' thing, ee called o' Peter te coomm an talephohan for im, d' yer see? O' cooarse Peter es t' talephohan off weel

aneeaf, ee oft es te use er. See ee calls oopp t' Leeds Exchange, as ee calls it, an gets issen puttin on te t' dentist oose.

An ee says, "Ullow, Ullow! Are you Mr Wrencher, t' dentist? Boonkum an Balderdash, Woodlesford."

"Mr Boonkum wants an appoint . . . Ullow! Boonkum an Balderdash, Woodlesford . . . Yes . . . Ullow . . . Mr Boonkum wants an appointment early this afternoon. What time would suit Mr Wrencher?"

"Ullow . . . Awright . . . Goodbye."

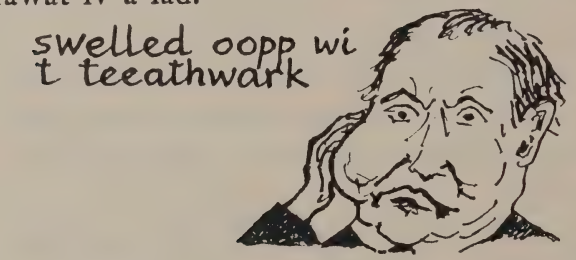
That's joost t' waah at Peter telephohaned, see ee telled me. An t' dentist arraanged te see t' boss at three o'clock i' t' efterneean.

An Mr Boonkum axes Peter what tahme t' dentist ad said. An t' lad slaps oot wiv a lee, "Two o'clook this arternoon, Sir," ee says.

"What i' t' wolld did yer saah that for," Ah says.

TEEATHWARK

" Whah," ee says, " it were fair passt bardin 'evvin t' boss raavin aboot t' office all t' efterneean wi' t' teeathwark, cossin an sweearin at me an ivverybody else i' t' spot aboot nowt. See Ah thowt Ah'd get rid on im as seean as Ah durst," ee says, " pror bornor pooblicor. Ah knawed if ee gat te Leeds ee wadn't coomm back, an ee'd be a deal better sweearin at t' dentist an at me," ee says. " An varry like Ah soodd a' answered im back if ee'd stopped, an then Ah soodd a getten t' sack," ee says. Ee were allus a bit of a leear when ee were at skeeal, were Peter, an its a bad fawat iv a lad.



'ENNY

D' YER knaw what befel me o' Soondah night i' t' choch? Whah, Ah joost put me and i' me cooat pockit te get me anketcher oot, an what d' yer think there was in? A 'en egg! See Ah taks it oot o' me boddom pockit an puts it inti me insahde pockit; Ah didn't want te get set doon on't, d' yer see? Ah ad a new suit o' cleease on, An Ah kep t' egg there wharl choch loused.

An Ah was walkin oopp t' chochyard along wi Mrs Shapler an sher says te me, "Can Ah coomm te me soopper at yure oose te-neet, Mr Crawbar?"

An Ah says, "Nohr, yer cant coomm te yer soopper, Mrs Shapler, bud ere, look yer, Ah've brote it wi meh o' purrpose for yer." An Ah gav er t' en egg. Well see, sher was stagnaated.

'ENNY

Ther a queer thing is a 'en. Oor Vicar wanted te buy yan o' mah missis yar daah, bud sher says, "Naah, An weeant sell, bud Ah'll swapp yer one." Seeah ther swapped 'ens, an mah missis gat a black un an gav im anoother. An sher seed at t' bod sher'd getten wanted te sit as seean as ivver sher gat it yam, bud sher didn't want t' en sittin joost then, d' yer see? Eggs was a good price, an it was ower cawad weather, an what noott. Awivver sher ad soomm eggs iv a basskit oonder t' kitchen teeable, it was a Wensdah afterneean, an sher ad em all ready fettled for t' carrier te tak te t' market i' t' mornin. Sher ad soomm wot caff amang em i' t' basskit, an t' basskit were aboot full.

Well if this ere black en didn't get ersen set on that there basskit o' eggs i' t' kitchen! An sher set on em all t' neet, an neeabody nivver knawed sher were there. An when t' carrier called i' t' mornin ee

fan this oard en set on them there eggs i' t' basskit, d' yer see?

An ee says, "Weel, Ah isn't gahin te tak thee wi meh te t' market, thoo can joost tak thesen off." See ee boondles er oot o' t' basskit, an off ee gans.

An a wharl efter that t' Vicar gav oor Ted a cock bod; it were a nice bod an all, bud it wad be i' t' Vicarage gardin, an ee couldn't keep it oot, see ee gav it te Ted. An Ted brote it oahm wiv im an put it doon amang t' oothers. Weel, when t' lad went oopstairs te bed at neet—ee sleeps i' that lahtle back chaamer, yer knaw, an ee didn't tak a leet wiv im—an ee were joost gahin te ger into bed, when ee put is and on soommat straangely like feathers. An ee feels aboot, an ee finnds it oot at it was this ere cock bod at t' Vicar ad gin im, it ad getten laird doon i' oor Ted bed!

T' Vicar oosekeeper used to mak sike pets on em, d' yer see? An t' bod ad coommed

inti t' oose efter it soopper an gone oop-stairs te bed like a bairn, as true as Ah's telling on yer.

An when Ted fan it oot what it was ee says, " Ah isn't gahin doon wi tha te-neet te put tha i' t' en oose; Ah'll put tha on a chair back wharl mornin."

See ee picks t' bod oopp an puts im on a chair back.

Well see, as seean as ivver it began te get leet i' t' mornin, this ere bod began te craw on t' chair back, An it crew its ardest, an wakkened Ted oopp. An ee says, " Od thee jaw, thoo daft bod, thoo's wakkened me oopp wi thee crawin, give ower wi tha."

Bud awivver t' bod wadn't stop. Seeah Ted gets oot o' bed an ee oppens oor chaamer doer, where me an is moother were sleepin, an he picks up t' cock bod an ee puts im joost insahde oor chaamer doer. Well, if t' bod didn't begin te craw ageean;

an ee wakkened me oopp, an t' missis an all.

An Ah says, " What's that, Bella?"

" Whah," sher says, " its a cock bod, we moosst a t' ens i' t' oose."

See Ah gat oot o' bed an Ah shood im doon stairs, an Ah ad a bother te catch im t' t' kitchen an all, ee flew all waahs, an when Ah catched im Ah threw im oot o' t' back doer. Ee allus wad be i' t' oose efter that, seeah wer ad im te wer dinners.

Ther were threshin at Braadler's t'oother daah, an there was despert thrang deed o' mice. An there was a moose ran onti t' igh rooad, an were roonnin aboot, lost, d' yer see? Well there was an oard en joost roonns oopp an clicks t' moose iv er neb an givs it a shak, an drops it; an then sher clicks it oopp ageean, an sher killed it, an then sher set to an aate it. Ah nivver seed a en dee owt o' t' sooart afoor. Bud Ah knaw when wer've been threshin a stack

o' corn iv a field, t' oard craws'll allus be on t' luke oot for mice. An when ther see em roonn across t' stoobble ther'll flee doon an pick em oopp sharp aneeaf, ther will that. An it disn't tak a craw lang te it a moose naather, ther seean get em choaked doon ther necks.

SELECT GLOSSARY

addle – earn
allus – always

bahd– bide, beari
bellussed – out of breath
birrk – birch
boonch - kick
brant – steep
brazzent – cheeky
broossen – burst

cam – bank
cattypol – catapult
coarser – causeway, pavement

daffled – stunned
deease, deeasment – dose
despert thrang deed – a great deal
dyin, dee in – doing

eeamly – homely
enoo – after a while
esp – fasten
ezzel – hazel

fan – found
fawat – fault
felt – hide
fettle – condition
fickin – jerking
flaad – frightened
flaah – frighten
fond – foolish
fothnit – fortnight
fullock – rush

gallowah – pony
gallusies – braces
goodies – sweets
gormless – stupid
graan – branch, of tree
graavin – digging

jealous – anxious

kessen – christen
king coff – whooping cough
kittle – tickle
– finely balanced
knappin – knocking
(in Goodies used for biting and sucking, but this is unusual)
laak – play
laat – seek
laps – wraps
let – alighted
looan – lane
looshin – drinking too much
loused – dispersed

matched – beaten

mennits – sticklebacks
menseful – decent
moock midden – manure heap
moodd – must, might
oo moodd er – how must he

noration – commotion
nowt near and – not nearly

od, odden – hold
ollin – holly
ooggin – hugging, carrying
oon sneck – release door fastener

parzel – proceed cautiously
pawat – to catapult
pick – pitch
pleean – complain
pooff – cake
pound – pond
prickly backed ochins (urchins) – hedgehogs
psalmed awagh – talked at length

raave – tear – struggle
ranty – vexed, angry
reeat – root
rig – backbone
roadster – tramp, vagrant (Wolds ranger)
rovven – torn
rowed aboot – shuffled, stirred up

seer – sure
Ah seer – I am sure
shibbands – shoe laces
skelled oopp – upset
sholled – slipped
slaape – slippery
slack – low lying ground
shibbands – shoe laces
skelled oopp – upset
smit – to infect
smittle – infectious
sooahvin – huge
stackprod – sharpened hazel stick used by thatchers
stagganth – stack yard
stagnaated – taken aback, brought to a stop
steean-checker – stone breaker
sty – stee – ladder
swaal – throw
swath – sward, grassland (also used for skin of boiled bacon or ham)

tar band – twine - cut in lengths with the ends dipped in tar to stop fraying
teea an tother – the one and the other
tew – struggle, wrestle
thacked – thatched
thod – third
thrang – busy, bustle
throosen oopp – overcrowded

vasst – great amount

wark – ache
Wawads – Wolds
wayant – keen
wemmle – wobble
wick – life, lively
wot caff – oats chaff

wots – oats
wotchat – orchard

yak – oak
yakkrons – acorns
yak bork – piece of stout oak timber
yam – home
yar, yan – one
yat – gate
yat stope, stoup – gate post
yed – yard
yed measure – yardstick, inch tape

THE YORKSHIRE DIALECT SOCIETY

(founded 1897)

The Yorkshire Dialect Society was founded in Bradford on 27th March 1897. The real origins could be said to be a Committee formed nearly three years earlier by Professor Joseph Wright, of Oxford University, who was born in Idle, near Bradford. Various groups throughout England joined him in colleting additional material for his great *English Dialect Dictionary.*

When the Society was founded it was a fairly scholarly society, and we hope we have continued to be that, though we have not lost sight of the fact that local speech is really the property of the local people. We try to have a lecture at one of our meetings each year on a language topic, though we think our speakers will present their material in a way that will appeal to a wide audience. The Society's annual journal, *Transactions of the Yorkshire Dialect Society*, has included articles in the past that have been important contributions to English language studies.

Our equal interest is dialect in speech and writing, and members like to hear it spoken in our meetings and read it with all its subtle differences from different parts of Yorkshire, in the literature. We are lucky to have several gifted writers among our membership and we have reciters and storytellers who never fail to delight those who come to meetings. In addition to *Transactions* we publish an annual *Summer Bulletin.* Both usually contain some written dialect and in the *Summer Bulletin* we like to publish the work of modest beginners who are worth seeing in print. The *Bulletin* also has bits and pieces of tales, stories and information. Our editors are always ready to consider pieces for publication, dialect verse and prose, and articles about matters to do with Yorkshire talk and activity. Some of our lectures and articles in the past have been on the speech (often dialect) of other parts of the world.

The Society has always published a wide variety of books, some original dialect writing from the three Ridings, some scholarly works on Yorkshire dialect, records (shellac, 10", 78 r.p.m. discs in those days, from the 1930's), a long playing gramophone record of pieces performed more recently at an Ilkley Literature Festival and a cassette of *West Yorkshire Tales by Arthur Kinder of Honley.* Details of the Society's activities and publications can be obtained via the Hon. Secretary, Yorkshire Dialect Society, School of English, The University, Leeds LS2 9JT.